



## SITUATION AT OUJEIN.

73  
SL

and is considered too childish to be lasting. Two years of absence have only served to strengthen the most disinterested attachment to her, and her sensible letters have heightened my admiration. She is far removed from any thoughts of obtaining her hand, and good sense and reason prohibit my aspiring to it. Her happiness is my first wish in preference to my own; and whoever the happy man to whose arms she is consigned, may he prove worthy of the inestimable blessing.—[*Camp near Oujein, April 25th, 1802.*]

NEGLECT OF FRIENDS.—How painful is the neglect of friends, or the appearance of it! Although it is more than probable that my correspondence has not been slighted, and that the friend of my heart has actually written to me,\* yet the doubt and anxiety occasioned in my mind by the non-arrival of his letters are really tormenting. With what eagerness do I wait for the coming of the post, and when my hopes are daily disappointed, with what impatience do I look forward to the next morning, and the possibility of their being realised. I may say with Rousseau, I was born for friendship; but, alas! how few are—how few feel it in its sincerity—how often is it abused—how very few look upon it as more than a temporary intimacy, which after separation is no longer to be maintained.” —[*Camp near Oujein, April 25th.*]

The official connexion of Charles Metcalfe at this time with Scindiah's Court was brief and unsatisfactory. “My situation was very disagreeable,” he wrote in his journal, before he had been more than a few weeks attached to the Residency; and he very soon formed the resolution of seeking more congenial employment elsewhere. But, painful and em-

\* I believe that the friend here alluded to was Mr. Terriek Hamilton, then a student in the college, and afterwards a not undistinguished member of the Madras Civil Service

—one of the few of Charles Metcalfe's old friends and associates now living. The missing letters were afterwards received. The friend had not been neglectful.



barrassing as was his position, he was becoming more reconciled to Indian life. The great panacea of action had been applied, with unfailing efficacy, to the mental ailments of the eager youth; and though his home-sickness had not been wholly subdued, it had considerably abated. He no longer felt that he was stagnating. The great world was opening out before him.

So it may be believed that when, in the summer of 1802, Charles Metcalfe received, from his parents, answers to the letters which he had written from Calcutta in the preceding year, imploring permission to return to England, and found that those answers gave no encouragement to the project of abandoning the profession which he had entered, the denial inflicted upon him less pain than he had anticipated. He had begun to take new views of life, and of life's duties. Perhaps it had become apparent to him that distinction might be achieved in the East as rapidly as in the West. All his friends in India, old and young, had dissuaded him from the project of returning to England, and now the letters of his parents brought conviction to his mind that he could not take the rash step without plunging them in deepest grief. Most kindly, but still most firmly, did Major Metcalfe reply to the solicitations of his son. How wise his counsel was need not be told :

FROM MAJOR METCALFE TO CHARLES METCALFE.

" Feb. 24, 1802.

" MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter of the 30th of June reached me this day, and has, of course, caused much uneasiness





to your mother and me. The two letters you allude to have not yet been received. On a retrospect of my own feelings with regard to my children, I can with great truth declare, that their care, comfort, and establishment in life has been the great object of my endeavors. If I had considered my own inclination, I should never have suffered your brother or you to leave this country. In the vale of life, the company of two sons, of whose abilities and acquirements any father might be proud, would have been a solace that a selfish mind would readily embrace; but, looking forward to the period when I must pay the debt of Nature, it became an indisputable duty to give up personal enjoyment for their future welfare, and to consider how to place them in the most advantageous situations. Judge then, my dear Charles, what I experienced at finding you so dissatisfied with your station in the Civil Service, after so short a trial. Let me ask you, in what line of life I could have placed you that could hold out any prospect of a direct support, much less of a future independence? The Army and Navy you always objected to; and with respect to your present idea of a clerkship in the Secretary of State's office, if I could have obtained such an appointment, the situation is neither so pleasant nor so profitable as a clerk in a merchant's counting-house—a place which you would soon discover to be too degrading for any son of your father's. That the prospect in Bengal always appears unpromising on first entering into the service, is a fact I have innumerable instances to prove; and many men now in England with large fortunes, and several in Bengal in good circumstances, held the same language as you now do. I remember well my own feelings when I was an ensign, and had been in the country about three months. I one morning (in a fit of the bile) waited on the commanding officer with an intention to resign the service, and return to England. Fortunately for me, the conversation at breakfast took a pleasant turn, in which I bore an active part, and a hearty fit of laughter got the better of my *blue devils*. I returned to my quarters with a determination to persevere; and by that prudent reso-



## FIRST OFFICIAL EXPERIENCES.

1812, have reached the situation which I now hold. Let my example not be thought unworthy of being followed by my sons; and I shall look with anxiety for your next letter being written in better spirits than the one now before me.

"God bless you, my dear Charles; let me hear from you by every opportunity.

"Your most affectionate father,

"THOMAS T. METCALFE."

From his mother the young writer received letters couched in more emphatic language than this. Mrs. Metcalfe was a woman of strong sense and of plain discourse. She did not deal in half-truths, and was not given to reservations. She knew that the prosperity of her son's career depended upon his continuance in India, and she was resolute not to encourage a humor which, in her convictions, was fraught with ruin. So she went straight to the point, and told her son that he ought to be ashamed of his instability; that he did not know his own mind; that he talked about distinguishing himself in England, but that he really thought more of indulging a boyish fancy; that he had been reading too much and had got the vapors; and that it would be good for him to "dissipate" a little. A little more tenderness would not have spoilt the letters, but there was wonderful sagacity in them. They touched the whole matter as with a needle's point—*rem acu tetigerunt*—and Charles Metcalfe must have felt their prickings.\*

\* A few extracts from these letters may be given in a note:—"Your letters by the *Georgiana* have given your father and myself little satisfaction. We did not expect such, and are, therefore, the more chagrined. In-





Fearful as they were lest, under the influence of the despondency which beset him during his first year of probation, their son might be tempted to abandon all his fair prospects of success, and precipitately to return to England, it was with no common satisfaction that the elder Metcalfes learnt that Charles had been appointed an assistant to their "old friend Jack Collins," and was on his way to Scindiah's Court. And how much this satisfaction was enhanced by the assurances they received from all quarters that their son was treading worthily the appointed path, and was already considered a youth of uncommon promise, may be gathered from Major Metcalfe's subsequent letters :

FROM MAJOR METCALFE TO CHARLES METCALFE.

"India-House, July 28, 1802.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—I received your short epistle informing me of your appointment to the Arabian embassy; and

stead of your parents being the objects of your wish to relinquish so important a situation, if you examine our heart, you will find it is Miss D—— . . . . Your father has not the means or interest to get even the paltry appointment of a clerk in Lord Grenville's office; and if he had, there you might stay, whatever were your abilities. . . . If you are ambitious, the field is open before you where you are; and in no place will you stand so good a chance. . . . You will laugh at my sending you out a box of pills by Miss S——; but I think you are bilious, and they will be of great service."—[April 8th, 1802.]

"If you have a grain of ambition, you are in the field for it, and the ball is at your foot. . . . What is it you want? With friends, money, attention, credit, good sense, abilities, and a

prospect before you which hundreds, I may say thousands in that country have not, you want, I fear, my dear Charles, a contented mind. . . . You study too much. You should dissipate a little. On account of your health, you should relax. Ride on horseback. When intense thinking is joined with the want of exercise, the consequences must be bad."—[March 14th, 1802.]

"I do not know what to say to alleviate your seemingly discontented mind. . . . I feel most severely your letters, and think it a great misfortune that you should have taken so great a dislike to a situation which seems best calculated to bring forth your abilities. It shows a want of energy, a want of manliness, to be so cast down."—[November 24th, 1802.]



while I was writing to you by the way of Constantinople received an account from Mr. Balfour of your destination being changed to the assistantship to my old friend Jack Collins—the situation of all others which accords most with my wishes, and I hope this letter will find you happily situated with the man who of all others in India is most interested in the welfare of my son. You are now in the high road to diplomatic fame, and as the country languages are to be acquired in greater perfection where you are stationed than in Calcutta, and your attention will be called officially to the general politics of India, my expectations are sanguine you will soon be considered well qualified for the situation Government has placed you in, and which must of course lead to something better in time.

“Tell Collins I saw his boys lately; they are going on extremely well, and as I intend giving the eldest my best nomination when he is of the proper age, you will have to take as much care of him as I am convinced his father will take of you.

“THOMAS T. ME<sup>T</sup>CALFE.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“August 30, 1852.”

“MY DEAR CHARLES,—In a few days after I sent off my last letter, Colonel Monson, to our great surprise, made his appearance, and gave us the most satisfactory account of your progress to Agra, with several particulars respecting health, &c., that made your mother and me completely happy, feeling as we naturally do more interested in the welfare of you and your brother, who are removed to so great a distance, than for the children immediately under our eye. Our whole mind is constantly employed in thinking of your prospects in life; and as nothing can be more flattering than the commencement of your public line, I am sanguine in my expectations that you will continue to reflect honor upon your father. Indeed, my





LETTERS FROM HOME.

dear boy, I feel the most heartfelt pleasure at the accounts I receive from all quarters about you, and only regret that you have not been a little more communicative about yourself, but look forward in expectation that when you are settled in your diplomatic employment you will <sup>res an interest</sup> ever <sup>by frequent</sup> accounts of yourself and my friend <sup>desires</sup> The Marquis (Wellesley) has desired to have <sup>an intention of em-</sup> appointed, and in his letter of the 1st of April, 1802, or January, 1803. I am of opinion that we shall not appoint a new Governor-General till he arrives, and think Lord <sup>is likely to be the</sup> Castlereagh is likely to be the man—in which case, I think I shall be enabled to make a favorable impression both for Collins and you, as I am upon good terms with Lord C

"I remain, my dear fellow,

"THOMAS T. METCALFE."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

[Without date.]

“MY DEAR CHARLES,—The accounts I have received from various quarters of your character and general conduct is so flattering, that I assure your mother with confidence you will turn out a distinguished man when an opportunity offers of bringing your talents forward; and your parents want nothing to complete their happiness but information from yourself, that you are satisfied with your present situation. The share of good sense you are evidently master of, will, I trust, reconcile you to the line of life you are placed in, and convince you of the impossibility of a compliance with your former request. I think you did right in selling your books, as your library was by far too large to travel about with; and when you get a settled situation, I will supply you with as many as you may write for.



"Tell my friend Collins I saw his boys yesterday. They are all ye can wish.

"The Marquis's conduct to you has made a deep impression on my mind. I shall feel more devoted to him than to any other man who is at a high station. His last letter, dated in April, intimates an intention of leaving India in December or January, and desires the Directors to appoint a successor. But when he receives a request from the Court as well as from Mr. Addington to remain another year, I think there is no doubt of his continuing. The change in the office of President of the Board of Commissioners is an advantage to the Public and Company. Lord Castlereagh is the most promising young man in England. He comes nearer to Mr. Pitt than any other person in public life. I stand well with him and the Minister—an object of no other consequence than as it may furnish the opportunity of promoting the interests of my two sons. Give my unfeigned love to Collins. Let us hear from you frequently, to give happiness to

"THOMAS T. METCALFE."

But long before these last letters had reached Charles Metcalfe, he had turned his back upon Scindiah's Court, and bidden adieu to his father's "old friend Jack Collins." A trial of a few weeks satisfied him that he could not serve under the Resident; so he made up his mind to resign his appointment. What the immediate cause of the rupture may have been I know not. In all probability it resulted from general incompatibility and an aggregation of minute circumstances not easily to be described. Something, however, may be gathered, in spite of the unavoidable omissions, from the following characteristic letter:





## LETTER TO SHERER.

CSL  
81

CHARLES METCALFE TO J. W. SHERER.

"Camp near Alunpoor, June 20, 1802.

"MY DEAR SHERER,— . . . You cannot surely be sincere when you speak of any deficiency of the Upper Story. I cannot suffer that to pass without asking you where is this deficiency? I believe all men to possess a conscious knowledge of their own powers, and if you are allowed to depreciate those which you possess, you at the same time depreciate those of every one else, for as there are very few indeed, nor do I know of any, who would not acknowledge your superiority, so in proportion as you undervalue yourself every one must feel his ideas of his own qualifications sinking; and you are probably the only man who would not wish to think the best of himself. We all (*i. e.* the thinking part) find something to regret in the plan which may have been pursued for our education. Were I disposed to lament that which is irretrievable, I should never cease to regret that I was removed from Eton at the time that I — I left it at the age of fifteen — at a time when my ideas were, as it were, ripening — when I was attached to the studies in the pursuit of which I was engaged, had objects towards which I was directing my exertions, and had formed plans which promised success. Five years more might well have been spared to Eton and an university, after which there would have been ample time for India, if it was absolutely necessary that I should come here. However, the deed is done, and all my regrets could not recall it.

"I have more reason to lament what has passed since my arrival here, for I have more to reproach myself—I have suffered one precious year of my life to pass away without any adequate improvement. In the year 1801 I really acquired nothing, unless a smattering of an Oriental jargon be termed an acquisition. I suffered a very large library to be useless whence I might have extracted that which would have been of much more service to me than running about to trifling and noisy parties, where instruction, and even amusement could never be



procured.\* You surprise me much by what you say of C——; it is a proof that fear can have a good effect upon a mind which is not susceptible of emulation. C—— is one of those characters which, I know not why, seems generally to be much admired. The weaker part of his cotemporaries seem to consider him as their leader, and make it their study to flatter him. He has a good countenance, pleasing manners, a good heart, lively disposition, and, what has no trifling effect, an inclination to every species of extravagance and dissipation. I am not, therefore, surprised at his being liked by young fellows, but he seems to be admired equally by old. C——, P——, and some others of the same disposition, were, I thought, most noticed by the housekeepers of Calcutta; and it has struck me that such characters are the most liked by the generality of mankind. Young men are a sort of beings between boys and men, some verging towards the former, some towards the latter class, and you probably may have noticed, what has appeared to me, that the boyish part are most encouraged. A young man who has read and observed, who has acquired a certain knowledge, some degree of judgment, some prudence, some experience, and the right of thinking for himself, who consequently must have some dignity of character, is considered to be aspiring to a sphere above his age, whereas the one who has a pretty face, smart manners, and who will be played *with*, talked *to*, and laughed *at*, is a fine lad, a fine young man. Such are the terms which I have heard bestowed upon C—— and P——, which said *lads* are boys of twenty, which surely is an age when boyish tricks ought not to be excusable. Let mankind say what they will, a pretty face is an excellent introduction, and before now I have had to regret the bad effects of an ugly phiz—particularly with the ladies. Never for a moment hesitate, under the idea of my being foolishly offended, to tell me what you think. Believe me, I am the last man who would at all take ill even your censure.

“I am always happy to be of your opinion, which in the present case carries conviction along with it, and I have much

\* This must be accepted only with reference to the first few months of his residence in India.





## LETTER TO SHERER.

satisfaction in telling you that I have acted according to it, for although I regret the want of public employment, which is to me the most agreeable of all employment, yet I have endeavored to gain what knowledge I could, and improve my ideas. My short stay at Scindiah's Court has prevented my knowledge being very complete, but in a short time one may observe something. There is great justice in your reproach, which, whether meant or not, I have applied to myself, respecting my injunctions of caution to you. I could, I now very well, have trusted to your judgment, which for the future I shall do. As to Collins, I scarcely know what to say. . . . I say that from my soul which I believe to be true, yet I am aware that it is possible that I may see things with a prejudiced eye, for his conduct towards me has been such that I have not words to express my contempt of it. . . . Any general description of Collins will convey no idea of him; it is only from hearing particular anecdotes that you would be able to judge of his extraordinary character. To say the best of him, he is a man whom one ought immediately to quit.

"I perceive I have done nothing but write disquisitions in this long letter. With respect to yours, I am always best pleased when you commit your thoughts to paper. If the same is the case with mine, no apology is required; but if an excuse is required, you will find it in the total want of news, at which you cannot be much surprised. Are you acquainted with what has lately passed in Guzerat? We have had some disputes with the Dewan of the Rajah, or Guicowar, and our troops were in the beginning defeated. Sir William Clarke has gone into those parts, and has in his turn been victorious: the affair is now settled. The Peishwah regards it with a jealous eye, but I believe will, or rather can, never go farther.

"The Collector of this district is said to be a terrible Buhadur. His Sebundee Corps is five hundred strong; he has fifty horsemen, and having the command of the Company's troops in his district, he never scruples to take some companies of regular Sepoys, which he terms his *Body-Guard*. I think, however, he had much better be looking about his district,



## FIRST OFFICIAL EXPERIENCES.

which is in complete disorder, than be sporting his grandeur in the Cantonments of Futtehghur. This country requires active, able, and experienced men.

"I cannot conclude without noticing your hospitable invitation. I will not, my dear friend, thank you, for I should thank an indifferent person for common civility. There is language which cannot flow either from the lips or the pen, which is spoken only in the heart, and in which I cannot express myself to you unless a sympathy of sentiment convey it from my breast to yours. There is no place I can come to with such satisfaction as your proffered mansion, but it is in full confidence that you will not suffer me to alter your method and plan of living; in fact, that you will not consider me a stranger. Kind remembrances to Wood. I wrote yesterday to Hamilton.

"Ever your sincere friend,

"C. T. METCALFE."

That Jack Collins and Charles Metcalfe had their differences, and could not agree to differ amicably and philosophically, is clear. The story is a very old one; within every man's experience; intelligible; without mystery. Colonel Collins was cold, imperious, and overbearing. He was known by the name of "King Collins;" and he had little toleration for those who did not recognise his sovereignty. He looked upon Charles Metcalfe as a vassal and as a boy. He stood upon his position and he stood upon his age. He exacted a deference which the youth was slow to concede; he claimed a superiority which was not willingly acknowledged. The boy thought the man arrogant and domineering. The man thought the boy forward and presumptuous. It is probable that both were right. It is almost a condition of early talent to be vain and self-sufficient. It does not much matter. The vanity and self-





sufficiency are soon rubbed off. But in the mean while it is hardly to be expected that age and experience should benignantly regard the manifestation of these qualities only as a sign of what is called in the above letter a "consciousness of power." Still, a little more toleration in such cases is to be desired; and it would have been well if the elder man had smiled at the self-sufficiency of his young friend, and borne with it for the sake of his finer qualities. Charles Metcalfe was, doubtless, fond of arguing, and King Collins did not like being argued with by a boy of seventeen.\* This in a few plain words seems to have been the cause of their rupture. They parted with at least outward civility; and became sufficiently good friends—at a distance.†

\* It was, doubtless, after some similar collision with an elder that, a few months afterwards, Charles Metcalfe wrote in his Common-place Book,—  
"ANATE. We are often reproached for what we are taught to do. To differ in opinion from men of greater age and experience is looked upon, in a young man, as a great presumption. Yet are boys at school and college taught and compelled to criticise the best and most celebrated authors that the world has known, and to argue on all subjects, even in favor of an untenable proposition."—[February 18, 1803.]

† Several letters from Colonel Collins, written shortly after Charles Metcalfe's departure, are preserved by the latter. They are written probably with as much warmth as the man was capable of feeling. They sometimes acknowledge the receipt of a "friendly letter" from Metcalfe, and generally express a hope—often an assurance, that the young man will succeed in the line of his profession. In one letter he says: "I had little doubt but that Mr. Barlow would recommend your fixing in Calcutta, and

on more mature reflection, I believe that his judgment is perfectly correct. Since he seems so well disposed towards you, I am certain you will not fail to cultivate his esteem and regard—not merely because his friendship may be useful in forwarding your interest, but principally on account of the high character he bears, as well for integrity as ability. Do you know, I by no means despair of drinking a bumper with your father, at some distant period, however, to the health of Charles Metcalfe, member of the Supreme Government in Bengal. Jest-ing apart, you have talents to justify the most sanguine hopes of your friends; and as you have come to the resolution of continuing in the service, I have no doubt of your application. Indeed, the former would be of no use without the latter. . . . Pray let me hear from you sometimes. Be assured that I shall ever feel warmly interested in your success in life, and, consequently, must be desirous of knowing how you get on. Remember, also, I am your banker, as well as your sincere friend,—J. COLLINS."—[September 24, 1802.]



## CHAPTER IV.

[1802—1804.]

## TRAINING AT THE PRESIDENCY.

Return to Calcutta—Appointment to the Chief Secretary's Office—His Studies—Extracts from his Common-place Book—Visit of Theophilus Metcalfe—Appointment to the Governor-General's Office—Early Official Papers—Rapture with Scindiah—Appointment to the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief.

ON the 10th of September, 1802, Charles Metcalfe, having dropped down the river in a boat lent to him by Colonel Collins, arrived, a second time, at Calcutta; and on the 4th of October he was appointed an assistant in the office of the Chief Secretary to Government.

It seems to have been his determination, at this time, to obtain employment at the Presidency. It is to the Secretariat that the ambitious commonly turn their eyes as the stepping-stone to ultimate greatness. Lord Wellesley had looked favorably upon the young writer, and was obviously well inclined to serve him. Mr. Barlow, who was then second in influence and importance only to the Governor-General, recommended him to remain at the Presidency. He had friends, too, whom he dearly loved at Calcutta; so that all his inclinations





were gratified by the arrangement that had been made. His trip to the camp of the Marhatta had not been without its uses. He had returned with enlarged experiences to the vice-regal city. He had traversed a large extent of country. He had acquired a more extended knowledge of the people of India than he could have gained in many years of Calcutta life. And though he had rendered no great service to the State, as Assistant to the Resident at Scindiah's Court, he brought back some local information which subsequently was turned to profitable account, and he had begun to interest himself in the tangled politics of Northern and Western India.

Little by little he had learnt to reconcile himself to Indian life, and, still not without some fond regrets, he now looked his profession steadfastly in the face, and applied himself sedulously to the duties of his office. Much of his leisure time he devoted to his books. And he was no careless reader. He sat with a note-book before him, and as he pored over the pages of Gibbon, of Russell, or of the Abbé Raynal, he jotted down such landmarks of History as would be most useful for after reference, and kept his memory fresh as he proceeded. His old habit of philosophising, at which some of his friends laughed irreverently, was as strong as ever, and his Common-place Book was often opened. To many of the entries a peculiar value belongs, for they are snatches of self-portraiture or incidental reflections of the character of the youthful statesman. They contain, indeed, his



## TRAINING AT THE PRESIDENCY.

inner history, and to write a little autobiography in themselves.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF CHARLES METCALFE.

[*Ætate* 17—18.]

"HUMAN INTELLECT.—It has often occurred to my mind, as a doubt which I have never been able to solve, how far active talents and a sedentary disposition are compatible. By active talents I do not mean that activity of the body which delights in the sports of the Field and corporeal exercise, but that activity of the mind, that superior ability, which is formed for the rule of Empires, is at all times ready for action, perceives instantly, and decides without hesitation. Were I to decide hypothetically, I should say that active talents were never accompanied by close application. There is a degree of drudgery, quiet, and, I had almost said, inertness required in close application to a particular study which I think incompatible with a mind such as I have in view. Instead of sedentary disposition, I ought to have said confined attention, to a science or a pursuit, for it is certain that there is no activity so great as that of the mind engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. But I am of opinion that active talents cannot be bent to a particular branch of study, and that they will universally fly off from particular to universal knowledge. Many men of quick but quiescent parts have rendered themselves famous in some one art or science, whilst others of more active talents, having made universal knowledge the object of their pursuits, have not been driven beyond the circle of their acquaintance, for human intellect is confined within such narrow bonds that it can never possess more than a very moderate knowledge of general subjects. And it is one of the innumerable proofs of the vast extent of Divine Wisdom that the human mind should take such various turns, and proceed by such different ways, to the acquisition of knowledge, improvement of science, refinement





## EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK

of the world, and to the accomplishment of the v. Such  
Omnipotent Deity. For I take it to be an indisputable fact,  
there are no two minds, and never were two minds, which are  
not essentially different.—[*Calcutta, October 29th, 1802.*]

CHRISTIANITY.—I cannot help thinking that too strict an  
inquiry into the truth of the Christian religion ought to be dis-  
couraged in very young persons. It is an inquiry which re-  
quires vast fortitude of mind, and which we ought to commence  
with perfect faith. Youth is very easily led astray by plausible  
arguments, and the system of natural religion is too pleasing  
not to engage a young imagination. It is thus that M——,  
who has brought these reflections to my mind, at first set off as  
an enthusiastic admirer of Christianity, and carried his attention  
to its principles and duties to a great excess, but has now (most  
probably from the sophistical argument of some persuasive  
genius) entirely given up his faith in our blessed religion, and  
devotes himself to natural religion and universal philanthropy.  
A mind, however, so easily and suddenly converted may, with-  
out much difficulty, be brought back to a just belief of the  
doctrines of our Heavenly Saviour.—[*November 19th, 1802.*]

FRIEND.—It is less difficult to conciliate an enemy than to  
preserve a friend. There are no enmities so strong that the  
parties are not desirous of a reconciliation. I have seen no  
friendship which has not been interrupted by many petty jea-  
lousies, which always produce temporary contentions, too fre-  
quently lasting separations, and which are the more acute as  
the attachment is more ardent. I must eradicate from my  
mind that propensity to form romantic attachments which my  
youth and inexperience have encouraged. Never again will I  
nourish the seeds of a rising friendship; never will I love the  
man who has not obtained by long intercourse my respect and  
esteem; and so aid me ye powers of prudence and good sense  
in my resolves! I am too well convinced that there are very  
few hearts capable of the friendship which I feel, and would  
wish others to feel; and, young as I am, I am taught by painful



90

CSL

## TRAINING AT THE PRESIDENCY.

that the sacred name of friendship is too often  
; that equal and mutual attachments are seldom, and a  
doubt if ever to be found, and that an ardent attachment un-  
returned shackles the independence of the mind, and cannot  
fail to be attended with vexation and unhappiness. I am deter-  
mined to resign the man whose apparent indifference has cost  
me so many sighs, and hope that in a short period I may be  
able to turn back to this page and smile at the reluctance with  
which I evidently part from him, and which is still more painful  
than it is evident.—[December 18th, 1802.]

SELF-LOVE is a most consoling companion. Let every man  
search his own heart. I have a very good opinion of myself,  
and, as far as I remember, always had the same. Self-love  
is the guide of all men's actions. One man feels a pleasure in  
feeding his own desires, another in feeding his neighbour's;  
but the principle is the same. Self-love is always at the  
bottom. The one is bent on present happiness, the other on  
future. I can tell which is the wiser, but I cannot which is  
the better, man. We appear all to be instruments in the hands  
of an Almighty, All-seeing Being, and is one more blameable  
than another? Can we go in the right way without the assist-  
ance of Providence? And shall he, who for want of that assist-  
ance goes wrong, be punished? Do we suffer for the sins of  
others? For what were we created? When, and how, shall  
we be destroyed? The inquiry is endless. Guide me, O Lord,  
in the right way.

TO MYSELF.—Mind—little Mind—thou art envious—not  
so as to give me much trouble, but sufficient to convince me  
that thou art in want of reform; so set about it instantly, and  
learn to feel as much happiness at the good fortune of others  
as thou wouldst for thine own.—[February 19th, 1803.]

— Nothing is more irksome than in submission to the rules  
of society, or to the natural inclination which the mind has not  
to offend, to feign a liking to one whose qualifications do not  
render him an object of our esteem, or to appear gratified with





the society of him who could not be too far from us. Such a man is R——.—[*April 22nd, 1803.*]

MIND AND COUNTEenance.—The features of the countenance are formed after those of the mind.\*—[*April 25th, 1803.*]

But whilst Charles Metcalfe was thus from time to time recording in his Common-place Book the history of his inner world of thought and feeling, in the outer world of incident and action there were circumstances developing themselves which tended in no small measure to shape the after-career of the man. These were partly of a domestic, and partly of an official character. In the month of January, his elder brother, Theophilus, came round from China to Calcutta, and on the 4th of April Charles Metcalfe was appointed an Assistant in the office of the Governor-General.

His brother's visit was quite unexpected. The dawn of the 8th of January brought him a letter from Theophilus, not dated from the Factory at Canton, but from the "*Ship Betsy, below Ingerlee,*" on the Hooghly river. "You certainly will be astonished, my dearest Charles," wrote the elder brother, "to receive a letter from me dated from this place; but the cause is, ill-health having compelled me to take a trip to sea, I took the opportunity of spending a few months with you, my dear fellow, and, thank God, have arrived safe, and perfectly recovered." The announcement filled Charles Metcalfe with delight. "My God," he

\* Opposite to this he had subsequently written, under date August 9, 1803—"Why, then, are mine so ugly?"



exclaimed to his friend Sherer, on the evening before Theophilus' arrival, "he is the finest fellow in the world!"\* Not many hours afterwards the two brothers were shaking hands, after a three years' separation—yet little more than boys in age, but in experience and position men. They were still as unlike as ever; but years and absence had taught each brother to appreciate the qualities of the other, and they met as the most affectionate of friends.

It is not to be doubted that this fraternal visit was very beneficial to Charles Metcalfe. His brother was a fine, manly youth—by no means inclined to meet the troubles of life half way, but in the cheerfulness of his disposition and the strength of his endurance, sufficiently case-hardened against them. He had gone out to China much against his will, but had soon reconciled himself to his position, and had earnestly persuaded his more desponding brother to do the same.† But when he found that Charles

\* *Sherer to Metcalfe, January 17, 1806.*

† On the 5th of November, 1801, dating from Canton, Theophilus Metcalfe wrote:—"The receiving a letter from you afforded me much pleasure, but I am sorry to find that India has not turned out so pleasant as you expected. But, my dear brother, it does not seem to be the profession you dislike, or the mode of making the money (which is my dislike to the country), but a regret at leaving England. Consider, Charles, it is not in the nature of things for us to be always with our family. Therefore, as you like your profession, and say 20,000*l.* would not suffice for you, what place can you sooner realize that sum in than India? You will perhaps say, that I am much altered. It is not so. My remaining here is

only from the same motive which induced me to come out—that of satisfying a parent. . . . No more of this; I have two requests to make: that you will not go home unless you are ill; but if you find the climate will not agree with you, return home immediately, and I promise you that, when it is in my power, your situation in England shall be made pleasant. If you cannot stay in this country, go home and make my dear friend Anne my sister. I have another request to make, that you will place confidence in me, let me know your debts, your movements, everything—

'Take courage, Man, and me your sorrows tell,  
And safely think nane kens 'em but yourself.'





## THEOPHILUS METCALFE.

ued firm in his eagerness to return to England with a generosity and self-devotion which did the highest honor, he seconded his brother's citations, and promised his father, that if he would permit Charles to settle at home, he himself would engage not to swerve from the line of his profession, but make a fortune for himself in China.\* Such conduct had greatly endeared him to his brother, and had raised him in the estimation of his parents. But the elder Metcalfe had made up his mind on the subject; and whilst Theophilus was crossing the Bay of Bengal, he was writing to Charles that the generous conduct of his eldest son had not induced him to swerve from his old resolutions. "The last letter from your brother," he wrote, "was of the most pleasing nature. He feels

\* Dating again from Canton on the 22nd of March, 1802, he recurred to the subject of Charles's contemplated return, but in a strain somewhat modified by reflection on the contents of his brother's latter letters. The following passages are so honorable to the writer that it is a pleasure to transcribe them:—"I have received your letter of August," wrote Theophilus Metcalfe, "which, I assure you, has been a cause of anxiety to me, for I so much dread the consequences of my father's resentment were you to return home without his permission, and shall pity you if you are compelled to remain in India. I give you great credit for having determined first to make an application to your father, pointing out your situation and sentiments: and I shall in my letters second your request, and I think (though I do not wish to raise your hopes) that he may grant it to you,

as he has a very just and great idea of your abilities, and his eldest son is determined to settle in this country—that is, to make a fortune. If, from being convinced that I am resigned to my fate, you should resolve to return immediately, come first to China for your health, and then let us consult together whether it would be right for you to return to England. . . . Believe me, my dearest Charles, you will (at least I fear) rue the day if you should return contrary to the wish, or without the permission of our father. . . . Believe me, you will not find yourself happy in Lord Grenville's office; the situation I would recommend, if you are determined to leave India, and which in my letter to my father I shall point out to him, as I believe, if he could succeed in placing you in it, he would consent, is the Banking Line."



perfectly satisfied with his situation, and with a degree of affectionate liberality, which does not allow great honor, desires me to let you come to England and allow him to shift for himself. You, my dear boy, know my sentiments on this head. I should feel wanting in the duty as a father to the true interests of his son, were I to indulge my own desires to have my family with me by complying with the request of either of my sons to abandon the line of service I have had the good fortune to place them in; and my confidence in your good sense is such that I flatter myself you will, ere this arrives, be convinced my determination is founded in your prosperity—the only object I could possibly have in view."

Before this letter was received, Charles Metcalfe and his brother had many a time talked over the subject-matter of it together; and it is not to be doubted that the former profited largely by the sensible advice, and perhaps still more by the cheerful demeanor, of the young Chinaman, and the affectionate intercourse which was maintained between them. Theophilus Metcalfe was determined to enjoy himself. He had scented a party at Government House even from the Sand-Heads, and had written up to his brother that he should "require a *friseur*" immediately upon his arrival. He now stimulated the social activity of his more studious and quiescent brother, and even brought him somewhat reluctantly into a cricket-match, which the Etonians of Calcutta had ventured against the whole Presi-





dency.\* These things did the young statesman no harm. And, apart from all these secondary influences, there was an abiding consolation in the presence of his brother, which seemed to bring home nearer to him, and greatly diminished the sense of isolation which had before pressed so heavily on his heart.

Even when Theophilus Metcalfe turned his back on Calcutta, and set out to visit his aunt Richardson, at Cawnpore, whither he vainly endeavored to persuade Charles to accompany him, there still remained with the latter a feeling that he was not alone. Seldom did a day pass on which the young civilian did not receive a letter from his brother reporting the progress he had made upon his travels. All this had an unfailing tendency to encourage and to strengthen him at a time when other influences were at work in the same favorable direction—when his official position was such as increasingly to flatter his boyish vanity and stimulate his boyish ambition. He was, I have said, appointed in April, 1803, an Assistant in the office of the Governor-General. Lord Wellesley had, some time before, conceived the idea of planting in Government House an office under his own immediate superintendence. He was not guilty of the folly

\* In a little manuscript volume, which he kept at this time, and which he called an "Account of Reading," Charles Metcalfe wrote under date of January, 1803—"Continued Arabic. My studies and reading much interrupted this month by the arrival of my brother from China, which ren-

dered me, on his account, more inclined to pleasures of every sort."—The month's reading only included "Browne's Travels in Africa," "Lucian's Pharsalia," "Carmen in Platonem," and "Volney's Travels in Egypt and Syria."



of attempting to mystify the secretaries to Government—of embarrassing his own movements by keeping them in ignorance of his designs. The Government secretaries, indeed, were a part of the machinery of his own office. But he believed that in matters of great political importance, involving the necessity of secrecy, the subordinate agency of supreme direction could best be carried on by educated gentlemen, the covenanted servants of the Company, immediately responsible to himself. In prosecution of this design, it was his wont to select from among the young civilians at the Presidency those who had given the fairest promise of intelligence and zeal, and to make them his confidential assistants. And it is an eminent proof of the sagacity of this great statesman that he seldom made a selection that was not more than justified by the after-career of the man on whom he had fixed his regards. Nor was it the least pleasing of his retrospects forty years afterwards to recall the persons of the young men whom he, during the first years of the century, had assembled in Government House—the persons of John Adam, of Bayley, of Jenkins, and of Metcalfe, and to think of the distinction that in the interval had been attained by his pupils.

In that grand vice-regal school the clever boys of the Civil Service ripened rapidly into statesmen. They saw there how Empires were governed. The imposing spectacle fired their young ambition, and each in turn grew eager and resolute to make for himself a place in history. Of all men living, perhaps Lord Wellesley was the one around whose





character and conduct the largest amount of youthful admiration was likely to gather. There was a vastness in all his conceptions which irresistibly appealed to the imaginations of his disciples. Their faith in him was unbounded. The promptitude and decision with which he acted dispelled all doubt and disarmed all scepticism. Embodied in the person of Lord Wellesley, statesmanship was in the eyes of his pupils a splendid reality. They saw in him a great man with great things to accomplish. As he walked up and down the spacious central hall of the newly-erected Government House, now dictating the terms of a letter to be despatched to one political functionary, now to another, keeping many pens employed at once, but never confusing the argument or language proper to each, there was a moral grandeur about him seen through which the scant proportions of the little Viceroy grew into something almost sublime. There could not be a finer forcing-house for young ambition. Charles Metcalfe grew apace in it.

He soon began to feel that he was acquiring something that would cling to him all his life—that the training to which he was subjected was well calculated to fit him to tread the path that leads direct to Fame. What had once appeared to him petty and objectless, was now expanding into bulk and significance. The day-dreams of the Eton cloisters might be realised after all on the scenes where he once believed hard fate had condemned him to waste his existence. The future seemed very different to him now that Government House had become his college,



and he had for a moonshee the Governor-General himself. The example of his father, too, was at this time conspicuously before him. Major Metcalfe, who had gone out to India with none of those advantages which had environed his son, had been sent to Parliament by the people, and created a baronet by the King.\* The glad tidings of this latter event reached Charles Metcalfe early in May; and some days afterwards he wrote in his Common-place Book these memorable words :

“MY FATHER.—Early in the month I learnt that his Majesty had conferred the dignity of baronet upon my father. I rejoiced at it, because I was certain that this honor was not sought for by any of those mean arts which generally soil modern titles. I rejoiced at it because I was certain that it was not purchased by the loss of independence. My good father is a strong instance of what may be done by Ability and Integrity. He is an example which I shall ever have before my eyes, and if I steadily pursue his footsteps I have little doubt that I shall raise the second branch of the family to the same honors.”—  
[May 16th, 1803.]

From this time Charles Metcalfe looked steadily forward. There were no more vain retrospects; no more idle regrets. The *vestigia retrorsum* were not to be taken. He had formed the resolution of not leaving the country until the Governor-Generalship of India was in his hands. And that such would be

\* Writing of the dignity that had been conferred upon him to his son, the elder Metcalfe said:—“The dignity of Baronet which his Majesty has lately conferred upon me, was done in the most handsome way, and our reception at St. James’s, when your mother was presented on coming to the title, was flattering in the highest degree. At my time of life the adding *Sir* to my name is of little importance, but to your mother, your sisters, and the whole family, I think the object desirable.”





the end of his career was not a mere passing thought—an impulsive hope—but an abiding and sustaining conviction.\*

All through the year 1803 and the earlier part of 1804, Charles Metcalfe continued to graduate in Indian politics under the directorship of Lord Wellesley. It was a season of unusual excitement. At no period, perhaps, of our connexion with the East has the aspect of affairs beyond the frontier presented such a knot of difficulties for the disentanglement of British statesmanship. I shall come presently to speak more in detail of our own relations with the Mahratta States. At present it is enough to say, that the complication of affairs, threatening, as it did, to involve the British power in the greatest war in which it had ever been engaged in India, threw a large amount of work into the Governor-General's office, and taxed all the energies of his assistants. Lake and Wellesley were in the field, waiting the opportunity to strike. It was certain that no statesmanship, that no diplomacy, could avert the inevitable collision. Whatever may have been the wishes of the Governor-General, I am afraid it cannot be said that the boys in his office were very desirous to arrest the war. They were deeply interested in the progress of events, and their sympathies were not with the peace-makers. So it happened that when intelligence reached Calcutta

\* He did not scruple to say in early youth, that he would be Governor-General of India. And this not lightly and jestingly; but with all sincerity of meaning and gravity of manner. Among others to whom he mentioned this conviction, was that excellent man the late Dr. Marshman, who often spoke of the prophecy in after years, when Charles Metcalfe had reached the goal towards which he had long been steadily advancing.



that the anticipated rupture had actually taken place, and that Colonel Collins had quitted Scindiah's Court, Metcalfe and his associates were thrown into a state of excitement in which there was no great intermixture of pain. It was, indeed, a memorable day. There are men still living who, after the lapse of half a century, remember all the circumstances of that evening as vividly as though they had occurred in the present reign. For some days, the "glorious little man," as his disciples affectionately called Lord Wellesley, had been pacing one of the halls of Government House, girding himself up for the approaching crisis; and now he was prepared to meet it. Aided by Edmonstone, the Political Secretary, whose knowledge was as ready as it was extensive, he now dictated instructions to Colonel Collins, now to General Lake, now to Arthur Wellesley, now to John Malcolm, and now to Close and Kirkpatrick, the Residents at the Courts of the Peishwah and the Nizam. All day long these weighty despatches grew beneath the hands of the young scribes. The brief twilight of the Indian evening passed and left the work only half done. But still by the bright lamp-light the young writers resolutely plied their pens, as hour after hour the Governor-General continued to dictate the despatches, upon which the fate of principalities depended. Words of encouragement little needed came freely from him, as he directed this great work. And still, as Adam, Bayley, Jenkins, Metcalfe, Cole, Monckton, and others wrote and wrote these weighty despatches, upon which the events of the great war were to turn, he told them ever and





anon that their work would soon be done, and that there was a table spread for them in the banquet-room, at which they might presently drink success to the campaign. Though it was now the exhausting month of August, and rest and food were denied to them throughout many long hours, there was not one of them who flagged at his desk. Sustained by their youthful enthusiasm, they continued at their work till past midnight; then weary, hungry, and athirst, they were conducted to the table which had been spread sumptuously for their entertainment. It was a festival not soon to be forgotten. A special message from Lord Wellesley instructed them to give full vent to their hilarity—to use his cellar as though it were their own, and not to think that they were bound to be quiet because they were in Government House. So they drank success to the campaign in good earnest; toasted the glorious Wellesley, and his glorious brother; toasted General Lake and Colonel Stevenson; toasted the British Soldier and Jack Sepoy; and finally toasted one another. And the Governor-General did not complain that next day his "Office" was not very efficient.

Incidents of this nature were surely calculated to bind such warm-hearted, earnest youths as Charles Metcalfe by the strongest feelings of personal attachment and fidelity to Lord Wellesley. They not only worked for him, they worked with him. And the endearment thus engendered was reciprocal. No statesman ever took a livelier interest in the intellectual development of the disciples who sate at his feet. He watched their progress with affectionate

concern: he encouraged and stimulated them by judicious praise. He was at once their master and their friend; and there was not one of them who did not identify himself with his policy, and was not eager to contribute to its success.

And that even these clever boys could contribute something to the successful issue of Lord Wellesley's magnificent designs abundant proof was frequently given. Eager for an opportunity of rendering some service to the State, in a higher capacity than that of a mere scribe, Charles Metcalfe was not long in finding one. His visit to Colonel Collins, I have said, was not barren of profitable results. He had traversed a great part of the Mahratta country, and he had been no inattentive observer of its local peculiarities. The information which he had acquired on the spot was most useful in the conjuncture which had now arisen; and the young statesman knew well how to turn it to profitable account. When, at the close of 1803, by a succession of victories unparalleled in the annals of Indian conquest, Lake and Wellesley had broken the power of the Mahrattas and brought Scindiah to their feet, the treaty which was dictated to the prostrate chief contained a clause by which the British Government undertook to plant a subsidiary force in his dominions. The disposition of this force, dependent necessarily on local circumstances, was likely to become an important subject of consideration; and as Charles Metcalfe had something to say upon it, he resolved to draw up a memorandum, and submit it to Lord Wellesley. It may not have been his





first State-paper, but it is the earliest that I have been able to find:\*

MEMORANDUM BY CHARLES METCALFE [*Ætate* 19] ON  
THE PROPOSED SUBSIDIARY FORCE IN SCINDIAH'S DOMI-  
NIONS.

"A treaty of defensive alliance has been concluded between the British Government and Dowlut Rao Scindiah, by which the latter agrees to receive a subsidiary force of British troops, to consist of 6000 regular infantry, with a due proportion of ordnance and military stores, to be stationed near to his frontier, at such place as the British Government may deem eligible.

"It is supposed that the subject of the disposition of those troops will shortly come under the consideration of the Governor-General; and it is probable that his Excellency may either resolve—1st, to form the subsidiary force into separate frontier garrisons and posts;† or 2nd, to station the whole in one cantonment. In either case, it is supposed to be desirable that the station or stations should be central, and that the force should be distributed in the manner best calculated to answer the purpose of a subsidiary force to Scindiah, and to secure as many other political advantages as are obtainable.

"In the event of either determination, KOTA appears to be a place well suited either as the post of a part of the troops under the first arrangement, or as a station for the whole under the second.

"The territory of Kota is bounded by the countries of the (Rajpoot) Rajahs of Jaipoor, Jaudpoor, Boondi, and Uniara to the north; by those of Holkar and Scindiah to the south; by that part of Scindiah's territories which is under the

\* The original, in Charles Metcalfe's handwriting, was preserved by the late Mr. Edmonstone, to whose representative, Mr. Neil Edmonstone, I am indebted for a mass of valuable historical materials.

† "The treaty says 'place;' but it is not possible that it was not intended that the troops should absolutely be fixed at one place on account of the wording of the article."—C. T. M.



## TRAINING AT THE PRESIDENCY.

CSL

management of Ambajee to the east; and by Oudipoor to the west.

"Thirty miles to the southward of the town of Kota (which is on the banks of the Chumbul), and within the dominion of the Rajah, is the narrow, strong, and stony pass of Mukundra, between hills which extend east and west to a very considerable distance. It must have been considered of great importance, and has been defended by three gateways, the first of which towards Kota is in ruins; the second is in a middling state; and the third, towards the south, is in very good repair. It has been customary for the Rajah to have a body of troops at the last, with a guard at the summit of a hill to give notice of the approach of plunderers. On an alarm, the gate, of course, is closed.

"No other communication can take place between the north and south of those parts of Hindostan, which are situated within a considerable distance of Kota, than that which is carried on through the Mukundra Pass. It is considered by the natives of the surrounding parts to form the boundary of Hindostan, the land between the hills which form the pass and the Nerbudda is considered as independent both of Hindostan and the Deccan, and is at times included either in one or the other indiscriminately. Between the Mukundra and the Narwah Pass the country is hilly and impervious.

"The road by Mukundra, that by Narwah and that by Bundlekund, are believed to be the only roads connecting the northern and southern provinces of Hindostan proper. If such is the case, a small British force commanding each of these roads might entirely command all communication between the north and south of this vast portion of India.

"There are high roads from Kota:

"1st. To Oujein, which is distant nearly 150 miles, through the Mukundra Pass.

"2nd. To Agra, by Boondi, Oniara, Rampoor, Hindown, and Futtehpoor.

"3rd. To Delhi, by Hindown, Bhurtpoor, and Muttra.





" 4th. To Gwalior, by Narwah.

" 5th. To Jaipoor, by Boondi.

" 6th. To Oudipoor.

" A place thus situated, with the advantages of a healthy climate and a fertile country, may be considered to be well adapted for a military station.

" The relations subsisting between the British Government and the states of Mysore, Hyderabad, Guicowar, and Poona, combined with the happy result of the late glorious war, and the probable consequences of the treaties of Deogaum, Surjee Arjungaum and Boorhanpoor, appear to preclude every apprehension of the disturbance of the peace of India by any active power whatever; but the tranquillity of a great extent of country, and the happiness of vast numbers of inhabitants, are still exposed to destruction, from the oppressive ambition and diabolical ravages of disaffected chieftains and restless and unprincipled freebooters. A very small body of British troops, stationed in the neighbourhood of the Mukundra Pass, might effectually prevent the ingress and egress of those bodies of irregular cavalry which carry devastation and misery into every part of India over which the British influence has not been extended. The road of their passage from south to north, or from north to south, will be shut up, and their way of escape from pursuit will be cut off. By degrees the system of plunder will cease, the cultivation of a fertile country will be renewed, and a more regular method of government must be adopted. A British force situated in the territory of Kota would not only command the communication between the northern and southern parts of Hindostan, but would also have every advantage, military or political, to be derived from so central a situation. It would keep a check upon Holkar and Ambajee, or any other chiefs whose power might rise upon the ruin of either or both of these; it would protect the Rajpoots, would be near to Scindiah's capital, and would preserve the tranquillity of a vast extent of territory.

" It is true that no treaties exist by which the British Govern-

ment is bound to banish disorder and war from every province, or to preserve the peace and happiness of all India; but this task appears to be perfectly consistent with the comprehensive wisdom of British policy, and worthy of the characteristic excellence of British humanity.

"Admitting, therefore, for a moment, that a body of British troops stationed at Kota might be instrumental in procuring great advantages to the British interests, and in promoting what has now become inseparable from those interests, the happiness of India, and that therefore it would be advisable to adopt some plan in order to station a force in that district, the next point to be considered is whether there are any obstacles which may be opposed to such a plan.

"The present Regent of Katta\* has for a long time felt the inconvenience and danger of his precarious situation with regard to Scindiah and Holkar, who alternately plunder him.† It is true that, with an unusual attention to the cultivation of the country and the comforts of the inhabitants, he has always endeavored, and generally with tolerable success, to avoid the desperate devastation which has afflicted his neighbours, by the more regular method of contribution; but it is evident that he must have suffered from this sufficiently to make him look anxiously to an opportunity of escaping from it.

"It appears probable that he would gladly accede to an arrangement which would afford tranquillity to his territories and protect him and his subjects from future outrage, and he must know that the presence of a body of British troops, although they might not be expressly designed for his defence, would effectually put a stop to the disorders which have constantly distressed the country. He must have learnt that, wherever the British influence is extended, the consequences are security and repose.

\* Zalim Singh.

† "When I was at Kota, in April, 1802, 1500 of Holkar's Horse were laying contributions; and only five days before my arrival, the army of

Scindiah, under Sadasheo Rao Bhao, had been there, on its march to Oujein —it may be presumed, to no good purpose."—C. T. M.





"Zalim Singh is comparatively powerful, and although he has gained his power by usurpation, is very much respected by the northern chieftains, who think that his conduct might have been more villanous than it has been, and that therefore he has the merit of moderation.

"The legitimate Rajah, Omed Singh,\* is in confinement; he is not seen nor spoken of, and his name is not made use of in public acts.†

"Every part of the government is conducted in the name and by the authority of Zalim Singh, as Regent.

"There appears to be little reason to doubt his immediate and cordial acquiescence in a plan providing for the cantonment of a body of British troops in his territories, because it is evident that such a plan would secure great advantages to himself; and, without calculating upon any extraordinary inclination to comply with the desires of the British Government, self-interest would induce him to enter eagerly into such a scheme.

"This arrangement may be considered to relate to Scindiah.

"No serious jealousy can reasonably be excited in his mind. He must shortly perceive that the treaty of Boorhanpoor has completely connected his interests with those of the British Government as to admit of no difference; and if he may not make immediate application for the subsidiary force to be stationed with himself, which does not appear to be very improbable, it is more than probable that he will be solicitous that it should not be removed to any great distance.

"A question may arise as to how far it is consistent with the dignity of the British Government to enter into negotiations with the usurper of a petty chiefship. These are questions

\* Aged about 25.

† "His name does appear in a paper of requests sent by Zalim Singh to General Lake:

"Zalim Singh proposes to conclude a treaty in his own name, and transmits a paper of requests in that of Rajah Omed Singh Kota-wala. The paper contains some requests relative to the

treatment of certain families and petty chiefs over whom Omed Singh, by birth, may be supposed to have a controlling or protecting authority.

"Zalim Singh may have made use of Omed Singh's name to obtain points which, in his own character, he could not have the privilege of urging."—C. T. M.



which must be treated with the degree of attention which is due to their importance. In the concerns of a great empire, persons in the most subordinate situations may perhaps be allowed to form conjectures upon a local or particular subject, to the consideration of which they may have been led by opportunity or accident; but when that subject launches out into a question of systematic policy and general interest, the discussion of it can only belong to the wisdom of those who have the arduous task of watching over the welfare of the State."

This memorandum greatly pleased Lord Wellesley; he saw its importance, and was glad to acknowledge it. Taking up a pencil, as was his wont, he wrote on the margin of the document: "*This paper is highly creditable to Mr. Metcalfe's character and talents. It may become very useful. A copy of it should be sent to the Commander-in-Chief and another to Major Malcolm.—W.*" This was Charles Metcalfe's first great success. It fixed him in his resolution to persevere, and dwarfed the proportions of Lord Grenville's office. The boy of nineteen was drawing a salary of a thousand a year,\* and writing State papers for the information of the highest military and diplomatic authorities in the country.

But although he was now turning his attention towards the strenuous realities of life, studying the Government records, and dwelling rather upon the Circumstantial than upon the Abstract, he still found time to moralise in his Common-place Book, and to read a large number of printed volumes,

\* Eight hundred rupees a month— [Letter of Mr. Edmonstone to Mr. Metcalfe, March 17, 1804.]  
from the 3rd of January, 1804.—





English, French, Latin, and Italian. Nor were the Oriental languages wholly neglected.\* He applied himself to the study of Persian and Arabic, and seems to have mastered them sufficiently for all practical official purposes. From the entries in his Common-place Book at this time, I make the following selections; they are contained in the last private journal that he ever kept :

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF  
CHARLES METCALFE.

[*Ætate* 18—19.]

"HUMAN MIND.—M—— is a strong instance of the weakness of the human mind. He has entered upon a discussion of too great magnitude for his understanding. . . . He has adopted the modern notion that Reason—*Blessed Reason*—ought to be our guide in matters of religion and government, and that we are authorised by all the rights of man to oppose whatever is opposite to our reason. It is this fallacious, detestable principle, which has loaded the world for the last twenty years with Crime and Misery. It is the doctrine of Paine, Godwin, and the Devil—the root of all Vice and the bane of every Virtue. O Lord, I humbly call upon you to relieve me from this abo-

\* In February, after enumerating the books he had read, he wrote:—"These, with a slight occasional attention to French and Arabic, form the sum total of my February reading."—In March he wrote:—"In the latter part of this month I paid some attention to Persian."—In April, "Continued studies in Persian, and a general perusal of records. The improvement of this month, if not so various, is equally solid with that of the last, or perhaps, more so." In May, he "read a great variety of interesting records." Studied Persian, and reported that his improvement had been "progressive and satisfac-

tory."—In June, he "Continued studies in Persian, and had a great deal of office business. On the whole, improvement inadequate."—In July, he recorded "A considerable degree of office duty—improvement very decent, but might have been better."—August, "Commenced with a very hard press of public business."—[In this month he read a vast number of plays, chiefly comedies and farces—many of them Fielding's.] And in September there was "an increase of official business." With the cold weather came a diminution of his literary industry, and the entries in his "Account of Reading" were few.

## TRAINING AT THE PRESIDENCY.

minable spirit, and to keep me steadfast in the right way!—  
 [May 5th, 1803.]

— I look upon it no man can possess worldly ambition without also possessing envy and discontent. I find the one always accompanied by the others in my own heart. Ambition is only selfishness let loose. Every man has the spark, and accident blows it into a flame.—[May 16th, 1803.]

METAPHYSICS.—I have often been asked by men, raging in the enthusiasm of metaphysical inquiry, why I did not adopt that pursuit. I have been deterred by a desire to render my knowledge more stable, by the importance of my immediate pursuit, and possibly, as much as anything, by chance. But I now find reason to rejoice at the delay, and shall continue to neglect on Principle what as yet I have neglected from Accident. Late experience, aided by the perusal of an excellent sermon by the Reverend Sydney Smith, has pointed out to me the danger as well as the inutility of studies of that nature, and has taught me to see in metaphysics the seeds of moral, religious, and political scepticism. Metaphysics, I abhor you! Go, enlighten the minds, enlarge the ideas, and gild the imaginations of your votaries, nor shall I envy them their fancied superiority whilst I continue bound by ancient prejudices in favor of Christianity, its necessary consequence, morality, and what I conceive very conducive to both—the *British Constitution*.—  
 [June 7th, 1803.]

SELF-SUFFICIENCY.—I often, in moments of reflection, take myself to task for my self-sufficiency in fancying a superiority of knowledge and sense over the generality of mankind, and examine upon what claim this fancied superiority is founded. I have read and observed more, and have devoted more of my time to reflection, than, I may almost say, any man of my own age. Does not this give a claim to superiority? One would think so; and yet I am much staggered when I see men acquiring fame and consequence whom I do not conceive entitled to either. I know no right that I possess to fancy any superiority, and yet my mind will fancy it. It is, however, an





opinion which, I believe, can only inspire good and honorable actions. I believe that every man has some vanity derived from a fancied superiority in person, manners, accomplishments, talents, or mind; and I do not know that mine is the most unworthy. That vanity only is disgusting which is proclaimed; and here I hope that I shall never be so weak as to fall. One circumstance which may render this advisable is, that I am constantly reminded of this fancied superiority by the avowed opinions of others, and we are so willing to believe what others say in our favor, that I would without scruple resign my case to a just judge and ask with confidence,—‘Have I sinned beyond the hope of grace?’—[*July, 1803.*]

GOOD FELLOW.—A character I have taken much pains to gain, which is that of a good fellow, is a very contemptible one in the enjoyment of it. The term itself is not at all appropriate to the character, and the character is the most insignificant possible. It is bestowed without distinction upon the sensible, the generous, and the really good, as well as upon fools and ignorant and unprincipled men. What are the qualifications which are requisite to obtain this name it would not be easy to define, since it is so indiscriminately bestowed. Generally speaking, they seem to consist in a resignation of one's words and actions to the whims and follies of the society in which we move; in a total departure from the dictates of good sense and right reason, and too frequently from those of religion and morality. The greatest merit which some men possess, the highest ambition which some men cherish, is to be a good fellow—a character too prostituted to be valuable. If I am never entitled to greater praise, or excited by a nobler ambition, may my ambition be eternally smothered, and the tongue of praise be hushed for ever.—[*August 5th, 1803.*]

BEAUTY.—Men may talk as they will about the little necessity for beauty in a man; but beauty is a real advantage. A handsome, interesting countenance is a man's best recommendation at first acquaintance; and although I by no means mean to say that internal worth will not be admired, when known, even



under an ugly external, yet we are much more ready to receive to our arms the man whose pleasing countenance we are willing to believe to be the index of his mind. Are there not countenances which at first sight seize, as it were, upon our hearts, and establish an interest in the welfare of their possessors? The influence does not end with the first introduction; if tolerably good qualities are visible in a handsome man, his beauty will never fail to heighten and adorn them, and as it is his best friend in obtaining the countenance of society, it will be his steady supporter in securing its admiration. Instances without number occur to me of the truth of these observations, and in no place can they be more strongly marked than in the society of Calcutta. An ill-looking man, whatever may be his good qualities, is never so much the object of our praise as a handsome one. Beauty, however, has its disadvantages. It secures so good a reception everywhere, that a man possessed of it is persuaded that he has nothing left to acquire. The ugly man, finding his face against him, is obliged to lay his claim to being agreeable on the solid foundations of good sense, knowledge, and virtue. But if this emulation is not excited, the consequences are dreadful. A pretty fool may pass through the world pretty well, but an ugly fool is a most unfortunate wretch. Who would not discover that the writer of this is an ugly fellow?

With the female sex the beauty of a man is everything. . . . I believe there are very few indeed who consider worth as essential in a lover, and as few would regard it in the choice of a husband did not selfishness lead them to do so.

A man may mar the effects of his beauty by affectation, but particularly by effeminacy; for the men will despise him, and the nearer he approaches to the female sex the women will too. —[*Calcutta, August 9th, 1803.*]

FORTUNE.—Men who rise in the world are much more indebted to their good fortune than to their merit or ability; and he is the most clever who is best able to profit by good fortune when it comes to him.





Among the favors of fortune may be considered a good face or figure, which, if a man knows how to take advantage of them, are not the least of her favors.

**OPINIONS OF MEN.**—We are capable of exercising a just judgment with regard to the characters and conduct of men placed very far above or very far below us; but of men whose case can in any respect be drawn into a comparison with our own we cannot judge, except under the influence of prejudice and vanity.—[*August 11th, 1803.*]

**PRIDE AND HUMILITY.**—There are two nominally opposite things in which men are generally wanting—Pride and Humility. I mean proper pride and proper humility, which, however, in my mind, are so far from being opposite that I think them inseparable. And inasmuch as a noble pride and a noble humility, a bad pride and a degrading humility, are the companions of one another. If you see a purse-proud man, or one haughty from birth, mark him out as mean. If you see a blustering, bullying pride, note it down as little—beneath man and belonging to brutes. The pride of scholastic learning is contemptible and degrading; and the self-sufficiency of a horse-jockey or a sportsman is still more so. But there is a noble, independent pride, which abhors everything that is mean and dishonorable, and which is almost always accompanied by a truly meek and Christian humility. The man who from pride would commit an insolent action, from interest or from fear would commit a mean one. No two things are more different than a proper and a false pride.—[*September 13th, 1803.*]

**VANITY AND SELFISHNESS.**—Vanity, however great, I can always pardon; but selfishness unrestrained is inexcusable. A degree of selfishness is a necessary ingredient in the composition of every man; but there are many who are governed by it in every action of their lives—such men are not fit members of society. It is probably a wise and far-seeing selfishness which renders many men the very reverse of what we call selfish.—[*October 25th, 1803.*]



From this date there is no further entry until the spring of the following year, when he thus recorded the fact of his brother's marriage, and closed his journal-books for ever. "My eldest brother, Theophilus John, was yesterday married to a charming young woman, Miss Hannah Russell.\* His age is twenty. He will be twenty-one on the 19th of September next. May they enjoy every happiness which good hearts ought to enjoy."—[*March 2nd, 1804.*]

Soon after this, the two brothers parted, with full hearts. Their meeting in Bengal had endeared them greatly to each other, and the affection thus engendered was never subsequently diminished. They differed greatly in character, but both were of a loving nature and a generous disposition; and although in childhood opposite qualities breed conflicts and divisions, in manhood they blend with and adapt themselves to each other, and there is more love where there is more diversity.†

Not long after the departure of his brother,

\* Niece of Sir Henry Russell, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

† "As schoolfellows," wrote the elder brother two years afterwards to Sherer, "we were continually squabbling, and I believe from the different turn of mind, which you must have observed, our parents thought that it would be the case through life. Thank God, those who saw us in Bengal must convince themselves of the contrary, and I may safely say that there never were two brothers more sincerely attached; and, indeed, had I been totally devoid of brotherly love, his kindness and attention to my dear girl would have gained him my warmest

affection." This Sherer communicated, in one of his letters, to Charles Metcalfe, who wrote in reply:—"The passage which you transcribed is, as you rightly judge, peculiarly gratifying to me. The difference in our habits, which was acquired in our childhood, will probably stick to us, and it is possible that we may have different opinions on controversial points, as you may remember we used to have, but in fraternal affection and friendship Theophilus and I will ever have, I am sure, the same mind and spirit." The letter in which this passage occurs is given entire in Chapter VI.





Charles Metcalfe also quitted Calcutta. A life of active excitement was before him. The Grand Army of General Lake was in the field. The campaign against Holkar had commenced. Metcalfe was well versed in Mahratta politics; he was acquainted with the views of the Governor-General; and he was conversant with the native languages. Lord Wellesley believed that in the camp of the Commander-in-Chief the young civilian would render good service to the State. So he placed him at the disposal of General Lake as a political assistant, and despatched him to join the head-quarters of the Army.



## CHAPTER V.

[1804—1805.]

## LIFE IN LAKE'S CAMP.

The Mahratta War—Growth of the Mahratta Power—The Peishwah—Policy of Scindiah—The Treaty of Bassein—Conduct of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar—The Campaigns under Lake and Wellesley—Charles Metcalfe joins the Army—The Battle of Deeg—Letters to Sherer and others—Prospects and Intentions—Adherence to the Political Line.

It would be inconsistent with the character of such a work as this to enter minutely into the circumstances which evolved the great war with the Mahrattas, or to detail with much prolixity the operations of the campaigns in which Lake, and a greater than Lake, by a series of rapid successes, made the English strangers masters of Hindostan. Charles Metcalfe, though at this time a youth of the highest promise, was connected with these great transactions only in a subordinate capacity; and the annals of the war, therefore, scarcely belong, except by right of that literary tumefaction which is needful, only when legitimate materials of biography are scanty, to the narrative of his life.

But to render this part of his personal history intelligible to the reader who has not explored the intricacies of the most confused and bewildering





chapter in the annals of British conquest in the East, a few salient facts, illustrative of the downfall of the Mahratta power, may be briefly noted down.

Whilst little by little the English Merchant-company were studding the coast of the great Indian Peninsula with fortified factories, and expanding slowly and reluctantly into a great military power, a sturdy race of Hindoos, having their home, for the most part, between the Deccan and the Western Coast, were acquiring for themselves upon the ruins of the Mogul Empire the sovereignty of Hindostan. To the English in India, when Sevajee and his immediate descendants were usurping the thrones of the old Mahomedan usurpers, the great revolution which was then in progress was rather a remote source of political interest than a matter of immediate moment and significance. And so generation after generation of Mahratta chiefs lived, plundered, and died; and the English in India only took account of these things so far as they affected the prosperity of our trade and the security of our factories. But when we ourselves became conquerors—when swelling from the seaboard our narrow strips of territory grew into vast inland possessions, these despoiling Mahrattas were fast becoming our neighbours, and the neighbourhood of a great military power in a continual state of unrest—of bands of unscrupulous marauders, kept together by a community of rapine, aiming at universal dominion, which with them was but another name for universal anarchy—could not be regarded without feelings of uneasiness and concern. The new century found us



approaching the vague limits of the Mahratta territories; and our politicians had begun to anticipate a coming struggle.

The Mahratta States at this time recognised the nominal supremacy of the descendants of Sevajee, who maintained a shadow of royalty at Sattarah, in Western India. But these Sattarah Rajahs had long since ceased to be anything more than petty princes, without military strength or political influence; and the historian of the Mahratta war has little more to do than to acknowledge their existence, or to record their decay. By one of those mutations so common in the East, the servant had become the master, the master the servant. The hereditary princes had little of the energy and ability of the great founder of their family, and they were well content to suffer the government to be carried on in their name by the Peishwah, or chief minister, a functionary who wielded at once civil and military power, and who had full scope for the exercise of his ambition. There is a tendency in such offices, under such governments, to become hereditary. An hereditary ministry of this kind soon becomes an hereditary despotism. So it happened that, in course of time, the Peishwah became an independent prince, holding his Court at Poonah, which grew into the capital of the chief principality of the great confederacy of Mahratta States.

But "the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges" most surely on Oriental soil. The usurper becomes the victim of usurpation—the puppet-maker himself a puppet. Nothing is so feeble as legiti-





macy. Nothing is certain but Revolution. No Divinity hedges a King, except the Divinity of Chance and Change. So, as other Mahratta chiefs, with all the new energies and activities of hardy and hopeful adventurers, mustering large bodies of predatory troops, rejoicing in disorder and intent upon rapine, made for themselves principalities and created Courts of their own, the power of the Peishwah rapidly declined. There was virtue, however, still in the name. It was something to rally round—something that might give fixity and reality to the meteor-like, evanescent character of a dominion which might, almost without a figure, be described as the dominion of the saddle.\* Hence

\* The dominions of the Peishwah were the home of a very large proportion of the genuine Mahrattas in the country—a circumstance which greatly increased the importance of this principality. "In the territories under the immediate rule of the Peishwah," wrote Sir John (then Major Malcolm), in a very able paper on Mahratta affairs, written in 1803, "the inhabitants are almost all Mahrattas, among whom national pride, national feeling, or national prejudice may exist; but it is, I believe, a fact, that in the Conquered Provinces over which the Rajah of Berar, Holkar, and Scindiah rule, there are not more Mahrattas in proportion to the original inhabitants of the soil than there are European inhabitants in proportion to the natives of Bengal and Behar. It is evident few feelings can exist in common with states so constituted; but as the Mahratta chiefs carried everywhere with them the same system of plunder which distinguished their forefathers, a love of spoil may perhaps still be recognised as a common principle of action, and it might lead them to have a general feeling of

jealousy against any nation whose policy, by establishing tranquillity, was calculated to limit the sphere of their depredations, and such a general feeling might give rise to a momentary union; but is it not evident, from the discordant materials of which these states are formed, as well as from the nature of the only principle which they have in common, that such union could never be lasting, and that it could not even in the short period of its duration produce any adequate effect?"—In the same paper, Malcolm thus describes the geographical position of the Peishwah's territories:—"The hereditary possessions of the Peishwah were bounded to the east by the provinces of the Nizam, to the south by those of the Company and the Rajah of Mysore, and to the west by the islands of Bombay and Salsette, while his personal possessions in Goozerat actually intermixed with the provinces which the Company before possessed, and had recently acquired in that quarter, and the countries over which the Peishwah still retained some authority in Bundelkand, were only divided by the Jumna



arose a continual effort on the part of the most stirring and the most powerful of these chiefs—Scindiah and Holkar—each to obtain an ascendancy at the Court of Poonah, to render the Peishwah a puppet in his hands, and so to concentrate in his own person an amount of power sufficient to overawe all the other states, and eventually to consolidate them into a vast empire; and this accomplished, he would soon have endeavored to subjugate all the neighbouring native powers, and with his locust-like flights of predatory horse, to sweep the English strangers into the sea.

Nor was this the only circumstance that at the dawn of the present century caused the British Government to watch the progress of events in the Mahratta country with the liveliest concern. The most powerful of the confederate chiefs at this time was Dowlut Rao Scindiah. His territories not only bordered upon those of our allies, the Nizam of the Deccan and the Nabob of Oude, but actually intermixed with those of the Company on our north-western frontier.\* Within a few miles of the boundary of our own possessions were Scindiah's principal arsenals and magazines. He held posses-

river from the territories of the Company and their ally the Vizier of Oude."

\* "The possessions of Scindiah in Goozerat were interspersed with those of the Company and their ally the Guicowar. In the Deccan his provinces bordered on those of the Nizam, and in Hindostan his most valuable possessions were not only bounded, but actually intermixed with those of the Company and the Nabob Vizier,

and in this quarter (within a few miles of the Company's territories) were all his arsenals and magazines established; and the different provinces in which these were situated were placed under the management of the French or foreign officers in this service, to the payment of whose troops their revenues were allotted." —[*Malcolm's Observations on Mahratta Affairs. MS. Records.*]





sion of the chief strongholds on the banks of the Jumna. His native strength, therefore, was great; but it was not this that we most regarded. He had learnt to understand the value of European discipline. Many of his battalions were organised, instructed, and commanded by European adventurers, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and English. Among these the French party was dominant. It was the time when no enterprise appeared too gigantic for the ambition, and no country too remote for the intrigues, of the restless Corsican usurper. The danger may have been exaggerated; but it was not wholly a shadowy one. The very hope, indeed, of French succours, increased the presumption of our Indian enemies. It was not lifeless because it was a delusion.

When, therefore, it appeared that Scindiah had acquired for himself a predominant influence at the Court of Poonah, and that the Peishwah had become a mere pageant in his hands, it is not to be questioned that this French connexion increased the importance and significance of his movements. But internal dissensions were, at this time, rending the Mahratta States and enfeebling their powers of action against a common enemy. The ascendancy of Scindiah at the Court of the Peishwah had inflamed the jealousy of his rival Holkar, a soldier of fortune, who held possession of a tract of country of which Indore was the capital, and who had inherited with his power the hostility of the former chief. So, towards the close of the year 1802, this turbulent adventurer marched with a strong force

of all arms upon Poonah, defeated the troops of Dowlut Rao Scindiah, and took possession of the city. The Peishwah himself sought safety in the Company's territories. Whatever reluctance he may have before had to place himself under the protection of the British Government, entangled as he now was in a thicket of danger and difficulty, he forced himself to overcome it. The opportunity was a great one, and not to be neglected. A treaty, known in History as the "Treaty of Bassein," was presented to the Peishwah and accepted. The same policy which had been pursued so successfully towards the Court of Hyderabad, and which established our influence in the Deccan, was now to regulate our proceedings towards Poonah. A subsidiary force was to be planted by us in the dominions of the Peishwah, and to be maintained at his expense. The alliance was to be one strictly of a defensive character. It was not its intent to enable the Peishwah to overawe the other Mahratta chiefs, whose independence was in nowise to be affected by the treaty, but to protect him against the aggressive designs of others, and so far to maintain the balance of power throughout the Mahratta States. On the last day of the year the Treaty of Bassein was concluded, and in the following spring the Peishwah, supported by a force which had marched upon Poonah under the command of Arthur Wellesley, was re-seated on his throne.

At the approach of Wellesley's battalions Holkar's army had fled, and Poonah was occupied without a





struggle. It remained now to be seen what effect the establishment of British influence at the Court of the Peishwah would have upon the policy of the other Mahratta States. If it had been the desire of each chief to remain in undisturbed possession of his own territories, the Treaty of Bassein, which guaranteed to every one the maintenance of his existing rights, would not have been distasteful to any. But that treaty was well calculated to restrain the heady ambition, and to suppress the predatory habits, of men who could not appreciate the secure possession of a settled territory so long as they were forbidden to encroach upon the dominions of their neighbours. By fixing subsidiary forces at Hyderabad and at Poonah, we kept up a line of military posts effectually cutting off the whole of Southern India from the country of the Mahrattas, and defending alike the territories of the Company, the Peishwah, and the Nizam. But to men of such a stamp as Dowlut Rao Scindiah all this was an offence and an abomination. If we had invited him to chastise with us the usurpation of Holkar, and had so assisted him to re-establish his ascendancy over the Peishwah, he might have rejoiced in our interference. But the course of independent action which had been pursued by the British Government was fatal to the ambition of the Mahratta chief. So, when an attempt was made by Colonel Colins to induce him to give in his adhesion to the Treaty of Bassein, the British Resident was met first with friendly promises, then with shifts and evasions,

which soon took the more decided shape of open opposition.\* As the year advanced, it became more and more obvious that Scindiah was bent upon playing a game perilous either to our existence or to his own. Nor did he stand alone in his ill-disguised hostility to the British Government and its allies. The Rajah of Berar, whose country lay to the south of the Nerbudda, and bordered upon our own districts both in the Northern Sircars and Orissa, was openly in league with Scindiah.† In a little while they formed a junction of their armies, and assumed a menacing attitude upon the borders of the dominions of the Nizam. The language of Scindiah became bolder and bolder. From boldness it grew into insolence, and at last, when pressed by the British Government to declare his intentions, he said that the question of Peace or War was dependent upon the result of an interview which he was about to have with the Rajah of Berar.

Lord Wellesley was not moved by that "frenzy for conquest" which was afterwards imputed to him. He was eager to maintain an honorable peace, and the conduct of his representatives was marked by the utmost moderation and forbearance. But it

\* What Scindiah thought that there was a prospect of his being made a party to the restoration of the Peishwah, he was willing to endorse the treaty but when he found that it would not assist him to regain his lost ascendancy at Poonah, he endeavored to obstruct its operation.

† "The possessions of the Rajah of Berar," says Malcolm, in the important document quoted above, "in one part joined with our Northern Sircar, whilst in another they were con-

nected with our empire in Orissa, in which province some of the Rajah's districts absolutely extended to within a few miles of Calcutta. To the westward he held the richest part of his country, Berar Proper (in partnership, if I may be allowed the expression), with our ally the Nizam, and the greater part of his remaining territory bordered with those of that prince."—[Malcolm's Notes on "Anonymous Observations on Mahratta Affairs." MS. Records.]





was every day becoming more and more doubtful whether an honorable peace could be maintained. It was plainly the duty of the Governor-General to be prepared for either issue. There was a man then upon the spot to whom he believed that he might safely entrust the power of deciding between the two issues of Peace and War. In Arthur Wellesley there were not less the germs of the great soldier and the great statesman because he was the brother of the Governor-General. In him was now vested absolute military and political control in that part of the country where his troops were posted; he was empowered to enter into any engagements which might seem expedient with Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, and if they continued obdurate, at once to let loose his battalions upon them. There was nothing unreasonable in his demands; there was nothing overbearing in his conduct. But the Maratta chiefs, now advancing ridiculous pretensions, now resorting to paltry evasions, tried to push him beyond the limits of honorable endurance. At last an act of extraordinary falsehood and duplicity brought matters to a crisis. Colonel Collins was instructed to retire from Scindiah's Court, and General Wellesley wrote to the Mahratta chief, "I offered you peace on terms of equality, and honorable to all parties; you have chosen war, and are responsible for all consequences."

It was on the 3rd of August that Collins quitted Scindiah's Court. On the 8th, Wellesley commenced active hostilities by summoning the fortress of Ahmednuggur to surrender. On the 10th, the place



was carried by assault. Having accomplished this, he moved down to the defence of the Nizam's dominions, and on the 23rd of September was fought the great battle of Assye. The issue of the contest in that part of the country was now no longer doubtful, and Scindiah soon began to recognise the expediency of making terms. But there was more work yet to be done to bring him in a fit state of humiliation to our feet. General Stevenson, with the Hyderabad subsidiary force, captured the town of Boorhampore and reduced the fortress of Asseeghur. On this Scindiah sued in earnest for terms, and an armistice was agreed upon. But he was negotiating independently for himself, and Berar had yet to be subdued. So Wellesley moved down on Argaum, fought another great battle, and achieved another victory on its plains; then laid siege to Gawilghur, a place of uncommon strength, and captured it after a short resistance. The Rajah now followed Scindiah, his ally, and was eager to negotiate with an enemy of whose power he dreaded a final demonstration against the capital itself.

In the mean while, General Lake, who had succeeded Sir Alured Clarke as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in India, was operating in that part of Upper India which is washed by the waters of the Jumna, and carrying everything before him. Here was it that Scindiah's best battalions, under the command of his European officers, were planted. Here was it that he held his principal strongholds—his arsenals and his magazines. Here was it that not only the power of the Mahratta, but of the





“French Party,” was to be broken up by the brilliant operations of the “Grand Army,” the rapidity of whose successes even exceeded that of Wellesley’s brigades. On the 29th of August, Lake attacked Perron’s camp at Coel, and dispersed the army assembled there. On the 4th of September he carried Alighur by assault. A week afterwards he fought the battle of Delhi, entered the imperial city, and delivered the unfortunate Mogul from the miserable captivity into which he had been thrown by the French chief and his Mahratta master. Next, Agra fell before us; and on the 1st day of November was fought the great battle of Laswarrie, where the humiliation of the Mahrattas was consummated by the overthrow of the flower of Scindiah’s army, and the capture of all their munitions of war. Never had so many victories been accomplished, or such great political events brought about, in so small a circle of time. Within the space of four months Lake and Wellesley had broken up the most formidable confederacy that had ever threatened our power in the East. They had extinguished then and for ever the French Party, and brought Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar in bitter humiliation to our feet.

The treaties, which were then separately concluded with these two chiefs, were distinguished by a remarkable amount of moderation on the part of the victors. Some tracts of country, for the most part recently acquired, were yielded to the Company, and the Mahrattas pledged themselves never again to take into their service any French or other subject

of a Government not in friendly alliance with our own. But they were still to be recognised as independent princes, and to be left in the enjoyment of their hereditary possessions. It was stipulated that each State should appoint a Minister to reside at the Court of the other; and, by a subsequent treaty of defensive alliance entered into with Scindiah, it was arranged that a British subsidiary force should be stationed within, or on the frontier of, his dominions, to be paid for out of the revenues of tracts of country which that chief had ceded to the British.\*

Thus was a glorious war terminated by an honorable peace. But the rest which ensued was but of brief duration. There was another chief still willing to try the temper of those formidable battalions which, on the bloody plains of Assye and Laswarrie had routed the Mahratta horsemen, and captured the French cannon, and who had fought their way, through the breaches they had made, into the strongest fortresses in Central India. Holkar now appeared on the field. "After the conclusion of the late glorious war with Scindiah and Boonsla," wrote Charles Metcalfe, in an unfinished memorandum, "by a peace which secured great advantages to the British interests, and afforded a fair prospect of future tranquillity and security, Jeswunt Rao Holkar began to operate against us. The power of this chief, who had taken no active part in the contest against us, although undoubtedly a principal member of the hostile confederacy, was increased by the events of

\* It was with reference to this force, the design of which was never carried out, that Metcalfe drew up the Memorandum given in the preceding chapter.





the war. In its commencement Scindiah, in order to secure his co-operation, ceded to Holkar all the territories which had been conquered from him in their former disputes. Holkar, whilst Scindiah and Boonsla were carrying on hostilities, took advantage of the favorable opportunity to take possession of his ceded countries, and the British Government did not consider him as an enemy. At the conclusion of the war, the chiefs and troops who had served the confederates, having no hopes of pay from either the Rajah of Berar or Dowlut Rao Scindiah, joined the army of Holkar. Jeswunt Rao had nothing to fear from his former opponent, Scindiah, nor from any power in India but the British Government, and that Government did not wish to attack him. Perhaps, therefore, Holkar was never so powerful as at that time.\* Just at the conclusion of the war, he had advanced with his cavalry and menaced the territory of the Rajah of Jyepore, who had previously entered into a defensive alliance with the British Government. The Commander-in-Chief was obliged to keep the field, to watch the movements of Holkar, and ascertain his intentions. After some vain attempts to negotiate, war became inevitable."† The language of Holkar was insolent and defiant. He threatened to overrun the country, and to destroy his enemies by lakhs. So our British chiefs again

\* "It could not be expected, after the glorious events of the former war, that Holkar would singly engage in a contest with the British power. The thing was considered almost impos-

sible. Holkar was despised, and his power underrated."—C. M.

† The memorandum from which this is taken is unfinished; but I am glad to use Metcalfe's words when I can.

LIFE IN LAKE'S CAMP.

prepared themselves for action, and, without a fear of the result, launched boldly into a second campaign.

Some partial successes at the outset raised the hopes and increased the presumption of Jeswunt Rao Holkar. Nor was this elation confined to himself. The Mahratta chiefs, who had been so crushed and mutilated during the last war, now began to think that there was a prospect of recovering what they had lost. Their restless ambition would not suffer them to subside into inaction. History, properly written, is but a bundle of biographies. It is in the characters of individual men that we see the sources of great events which affect the destinies of nations. That Dowlut Rao, left to his own unaided councils, would have sought to try the issue of another conflict with the British Government, or would have desired to league himself with Holkar, would seem to be at least uncertain. But he was wrought upon by one who, after the old fashion of Oriental Courts, had gained an infamous ascendancy over him by administering to his pleasures—a man of vile character, of degraded personal habits, and of unscrupulous malignity, who hated the English, and was continually inciting his master to compass their overthrow. This man, Sergiy Rao Gautka by name, had energy and ability sufficient to enable him to carry out his designs. Obtaining an influence over Scindiah sufficient to enable him to thwart the more moderate and judicious counsels of the Maharajah's other advisers, he persuaded him that, by entering into alliance with the Nizam, the Rajah of Berar,





and his old enemy Holkar, he could effect the entire overthrow of the British power in Central India. In pursuance of this design, agents were employed at the Courts of Hyderabad and Nagpore, and were despatched to all the principal chiefs of Malwa, inviting them to enter into the great combination which was to achieve such mighty results.

But in the mean while, eager to repair the disasters which had beset the commencement of the campaign, Lake had taken the field against Holkar, and was soon again asserting the supremacy of British arms. It was on the 3rd of September, 1804, that the head-quarters of the army left Cawnpore to unite with other detachments at Agra, which had been fixed as the place of general rendezvous. Charles Metcalfe, who had left Calcutta on the 23rd of August, was then on his way to join the camp of the Commander-in-Chief.

He started in good spirits, and under happy auspices. Such a deputation was as honorable to his character and his talents as it was indicative of the discernment of Lord Wellesley, who may have been mistaken sometimes in his measures, but who seldom mistook his men. The young writer was to retain his situation in the Office of the Governor-General. But it had already lost much of its attractiveness in his eyes; for some of the best and most cherished of his associates had already been selected for detached employment, and he was beginning to think that the office was being rendered a little too "open."\*

\* See letter to Mr. Sherer. *Post*, page 152.



It could not always be stocked with Bayleys, Jenkines, and Metcalfes; and the very mutations of which the young writer complained were a necessity inherent in the constitution of such a training-school for public servants. Personally attached as he was to Charles Metcalfe, Lord Wellesley parted from him with regret; but the Governor-General rejoiced to see him fairly launched upon a journey towards the theatre of those great events which were changing the destinies of Hindostan, for he knew that the talents of the young diplomatist would there find free scope for action, and that the national interests would profit by their exercise. So Charles Metcalfe started for the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, and the strongest possible recommendations preceded him. How greatly Lord Wellesley appreciated him, at this time, may be gathered from the following letter, written by his Military Secretary :

“CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG TO CHARLES METCALFE.

“Barrackpore, August 24th, 1804.

“DEAR METCALFE,—Lord Wellesley having heard this morning of your departure by dawk, directed me to write a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, and to send it by express, lest you should arrive without an introduction.

“I have great satisfaction in informing you that, in following his Excellency's instructions, I never saw so strong and handsome a letter in my life, both as to your public and private character, and his Lordship's personal regards for you. I can only say, I would not wish a better letter for Arthur Cole.

“I have wrote to Colonel Lake from myself, requesting his attention to you as my particular friend; and I have no doubt you will find every attention and kindness.

“I intended to have sent you my letter to deliver, but





Arthur Cole wrote me that you wished me to write to Colonel Lake direct.

"I wish you a pleasant campaign, and every success you can wish for.

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. ARMSTRONG."

Resorting to the most expeditious mode of travelling which the country afforded, Charles Metcalfe left Calcutta, journeying in a palanquin, and proceeded for some distance without any interruption. But before he reached Cawnpore, at some point of the road which I cannot precisely indicate, he was set upon by robbers. He was asleep in his palanquin when he fell among these thieves, and, according to custom, was abandoned by his bearers. One of his assailants had a club in his hand, which young Metcalfe seized; another then struck at him with a tulwar, or sword, cut off the ends of two of his fingers, and wounded him on the head and on the breast. Single-handed, it was impossible to save his property, but his life he might save; so, finding resistance useless, he staggered away from his assailants, and following a path through the jungle, he soon found himself on the bank of a broad river, or stream. There, faint from loss of blood, he sank down; and, as he lay on the ground, thoughts of home came thick upon him. It flashed upon his mind that his parents were not improbably at that very time at Abingdon Races, talking with some friends about their absent son, and little thinking of the danger and the suffering to which he was at that

## LIFE IN LAKE'S CAMP.

moment exposed. These thoughts made a deep impression on his mind; but he presently roused himself to action, and tottered back as best he could to the spot where his palanquin was lying; but found that the robbers had not yet made off with their spoil. After a little while, however, they went, having despoiled the traveller of all the baggage which he carried with him\*—never any great amount on a dawk-journey—and effected their escape. Metcalfe was then carried on to Cawnpore, where, under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Richardson, he soon recovered from his wounds, and proceeded onwards to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief.†

Lake was then on the banks of the Jumna. Holkar was hanging on his rear; and, in the full indulgence of the predatory habits of his tribe, was

\* There were two small articles of inestimable value to him—one, a seal given to him by his father; and another, a toothpick case, containing locks of all his family's hair. It is said that he was wounded battling for these treasures.

† This event occurred about the first week of September. I have been able to discover no account of it from the pen of Metcalfe himself. The details which I have given are derived principally from family tradition. His godfather, Jacob Rider—ever affectionate and generous—wrote to him on the 18th from Nerosapore: "Badly as you are wounded, yet after the first report we had of you, I congratulate you on the narrow and great escape you have had, and that you have fortunately fallen so early after the disaster into the friendly care of your good aunt. As you will have everything to furnish yourself with before you can proceed on your mission, draw upon me at sight for four or five

thousand rupees, if it will be any immediate accommodation to you." Vague reports of this disaster reached England, and greatly disquieted Charles Metcalfe's parents. The intelligence first reached Mrs. Metcalfe, in the middle of the following March, at a ball; and was repeated to her next day at the Royal Institution. Afterwards Mrs. Plowden, her first informant, sent her an extract from a letter from Mrs. Dashwood, saying: "I was sorry to hear Mr. C. Metcalfe was attacked by robbers travelling up the country, and had lost a joint of one of his fingers, and received a cut on the head; but is now (Sept. 21) quite well, and going on his journey. He was obliged to spend some days with his aunt Richardson. He is a very fine, sensible young man." This was all the information that the family received for some weeks—Charles Metcalfe's own letters not having arrived.





carrying off our baggage, cutting off stragglers, and always avoiding a general action, inflicting upon our troops that desultory annoyance, in their capacity for which they were almost without a rival. In the course of October, Charles Metcalfe arrived at headquarters, and was met with all outward marks of courtesy and kindness. But the welcome which he received was mere cold formality. The truth is, that he was not wanted. In spite of the excellent credentials which he carried—credentials which bore witness no less to his personal than to his official qualities—he was regarded with some mistrust. His position, indeed, was not a promising one. He was a civilian in the midst of a community of soldiers. He came fresh from the office of the Governor-General, and it is not improbable that men who knew little of the real character either of the one or of the other, were inclined to look upon him as a spy. There always has been a certain jealousy of political officers in a military camp, even when those "politicals" have been soldiers. Their presence is regarded as a tacit reflection on the short-comings of the general and his staff. But, superadded to these impediments to the *entente cordiale*, there were in the present instance to be contended with those class prejudices which, more or less, exist at all times between the civil and the military professions. It was young Metcalfe's business to assist the Commander-in-Chief in his negotiations with the native chiefs, to carry on the necessary correspondence with the civil officers in our own newly-acquired districts, to collect information relative to the move-



ments of the enemy, and to conduct other miscellaneous business comprised under the general head of "political affairs." Such a functionary at the headquarters of Lake's army was not unlikely to be called a clerk, and sneered at as a non-combatant. But Charles Metcalfe, though he wore neither the King's nor the Company's uniform, had as much of the true spirit of the soldier in him as any officer in camp.

And this he waited only for an opportunity to prove. I believe it had reached his ears that something had been said about civilians participating in the pleasant excitement of the march and the socialities of head-quarters, but not sharing the active dangers of the campaign. Whether this was said or not, he was determined to show that, civilian as he was, he shrunk from none of those perils to which his military comrades were exposed. And an opportunity was not long wanting to him. The fortress of Deeg, distant some forty-five miles from Agra, was garrisoned by the allied troops of our enemies, Holkar and the Rajah of Bhurtpore. In the month of December, General Lake, who had determined upon the reduction of the place, encamped within sight of it, and awaited the arrival of his battering-train from Agra. On the 13th, having been joined by his guns, he took up his position before the fortress, and commenced an attack upon the outworks. On the 17th the breaching battery was ready for action, but such was the strength of the walls, that it was not until the 23rd that the breach was reported practicable, and dispositions made for the assault on the following day.





The storming party was told off, and Metcalfe volunteered to accompany it. He was one of the first who entered the breach. There are soldiers now living who remember that memorable Christmas-eve, and delight to speak of the gallantry of the young civilian. The "clerk" fairly won his spurs, and shared with the most distinguished of his comrades the honors no less than the dangers of one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. In the Commander-in-Chief's despatch, the name of Metcalfe was honorably mentioned. "Before I conclude this despatch," wrote Lord Lake, "I cannot help mentioning the spirited conduct of Mr. Metcalfe, a civil servant, who volunteered his services with the storming party, and, as I am informed, was one of the first in the breach."\* Afterwards, the fine old soldier called him his "little stormer."

The chivalrous impulses of a youth of nineteen are not to be inquired into with too much nicety, or reasoned about with too much wisdom. Doubtless, it may be said that Charles Metcalfe was not despatched to Lord Lake's camp to help the Commander-in-Chief to carry fortified towns by assault.†

\* It is worthy of remark, however, that the historian of the Mahratta war, Captain Thorn, is significantly silent regarding both the fact of Metcalfe's presence with the storming party, and the Commander-in-Chief's mention of it in his despatch; although throughout the entire narrative he has scrupulously recorded the names of all the military officers who were officially noticed by their chief.

† And this was said both in India

and in England. Very different opinions were expressed on the subject. Writing to her son, in a letter expressive of mingled pride and anxiety, now commending his gallantry, now reproaching him for his temerity, Mrs. Metcalfe said: "Every one views it in a different light. Some give you a great deal of credit. Others think that you were wrong, not being of the profession; and one military man, in particular, met me the other day, and

This is an objection one scarcely need care to answer. And yet it may be answered with all gravity, and with due regard for the strictest rules of official propriety. It was of no small moment that the young civilian, representing as he did the Governor-General in the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, should be held in high estimation by the men with whom he was thus officially associated. It became him, by all honorable means, to increase his influence at head-quarters. And there were no surer means of doing this, than by showing his comrades that he was willing to share their dangers—even the dangers of the forlorn hope—and to emulate their worth on their own field of professional enterprise. Nothing is so intelligible—nothing is so generally appreciated—as personal gallantry. There is no position in life in which a man does not increase the prestige of his authority by demonstrating his possession of such a quality. There could be no more sneers at the clerk and the non-combatant after young Metcalfe's appearance in his shooting-jacket on the crest of the breach at Deeg.

Whatever may have been thought of this exploit

said: 'I hope you will scold your boy—scold him from me.' It was a man who has been at the head of the army in India." (Probably Sir Alured Clark, who had met Charles Metcalfe in Calcutta.) "There is one thing strikes me," adds Mrs. Metcalfe, with her wonted penetration—"you must have had some good and strong reasons to have gone out of your line. I hope it will not happen again; and that, should you have the military ardor upon you, Lord Lake will not permit you to throw yourself in the

way of danger. One would think you imagined that your prospect in life was desperate, instead of its being one of the finest. Your outset has been beyond the most ardent expectations. Your abilities, being of a very uncommon kind, and your conduct regulated by a fine judgment (except in the storming business—forgive me, but a mother can never reconcile that to herself), must ensure you, if please God you live, further success, and that of the most distinguished nature."





by others, by Charles Metcalfe's young friends and associates in the Governor-General's office it was contemplated with enthusiasm and delight. There was a little group of young civilians at the Presidency, including some of the most promising members of the service, who a short time before Metcalfe's departure had erected themselves into a sort of Club or Association, which, in honor of Admiral Lord Howe, was called a society of "Howe Boys."\* These Howe Boys were in the right frame to appreciate gallantry of any kind, and most of all in one of their own associates. So, when the news of Metcalfe's conduct at Deeg, followed speedily by Lord Lake's despatch, reached Calcutta, the Howe Boys held a meeting, the result of which is set forth in the following amusing letter :

"TO CHARLES THEOPHILUS METCALFE, ESQ., HOWE BOY.

"Howe Boys Office, January 18, 1805.

[Official—No. I.]

"SIR,—By the despatches of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief we have been made acquainted with the glorious success of the British arms in the assault of the outworks of Deeg, and in the subsequent capture of that important fortress.

"2. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief having been pleased to testify his high approbation of your conduct on this occasion, we consider it to be an act of indispensable justice to record our decided and deliberate judgment that the ardent spirit of zeal, energy, valor, and resolution manifested by you in the unsolicited offer of your personal services, and in the actual assault of the outworks of the fortress of Deeg, have been seldom equalled, and never excelled, by any of the youths in Lord Howe's Establishment.

"3. Your fortitude in refusing to submit to the imperious

\* See, for some further notice of the Howe Boys, note in the Appendix.

LIFE IN LAKE'S CAMP.

dictates of a haughty ambassador,\* your invincible resolution and consummate ability in opposing the establishment of a vicious and immoral institution,† and your ardent patriotism and honorable ambition in voluntarily exposing yourself to the dangers, hardships, and privations of an active campaign, had commanded our approbation, and had enabled us to anticipate with a considerable degree of confidence the continued advancement of your character and the unrestrained augmentation of your renown.

"4. We have no hesitation in declaring that your conduct has fully answered the high expectations which we had formed of it, that you have acted in strict conformity to those sentiments and principles of public virtue which ought to regulate the conduct of all the individuals in our society, and that you have deserved well of your country and of the members of Lord Howe's Establishment.

"5. Under these circumstances, we have unanimously determined to testify our sense of your conduct by presenting you with a silver pen as a mark of our applause, esteem, and approbation.

"We are your affectionate friends,

(Signed)

"J. ADAM.

"A. H. COLE.

"C. D'O'LY.

"CHARLES PATTENSON.

"C. LUSHINGTON.

"JOHN WAUCHOPE.

"WM. HENRY TRANT.

"JOHN FORBES.

"W. BUTTERWORTH BAYLEY."‡

\* "King Collins." Alluding to Metcalfe's breach with Colonel Collins, narrated in the previous chapter.

† The reference here is to a controversy which a little time before had agitated the Civil Service, relative to the basis upon which the proposed Pension Fund for the relief of the

widows and orphans of its members was to be established. Of one section of the service John Adam and Charles Metcalfe were the leaders, and conjointly the mouthpiece; the principal manifestoes were issued in their name.

‡ With the exception of Mr. Adam,





From Deeg the Grand Army marched upon Bhurtpore—the most formidable stronghold of Central India. It was a maiden fortress, and had always been deemed impregnable. The Bhurtpore Rajah was a Jaut chief, who had at one time professed friendship for the English, but whom the first successes of Holkar had induced to throw off the mask and to unite himself with the Mahratta chieftain. Deeg was one of his strongholds. The decided part which he had taken had compelled Lake to reduce that fortress, the garrison of which was partly composed of Bhurtpore troops and partly of Holkar's fugitives; and now the British Commander determined to attack the Rajah in his capital. Indeed, since the battles which had been fought at Deeg\* and Furruckabad, and in which both the infantry and cavalry of Holkar had been signally defeated, the Bhurtpore Rajah had become our most formidable antagonist. On the first day of the new year

who had by this time become Deputy Secretary in the Political department, the gentlemen signing this letter were all Assistants in the Governor-General's office. Mr. Adam rose to the highest offices of the State. After a long and distinguished career in the Secretariat he became a member of the Supreme Council, and was Governor-General during the interregnum between the Hastings and Amherst Governments, and died on his way home. Mr. (the Honorable A. H.) Cole was a Madras civilian, and for many years Resident at Mysore. Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) D'Oyly and Mr. Pattenson served chiefly in the Revenue and Commercial lines. Mr. Lushington was for twenty years in the Secretariat, and was Chief Secretary in 1825. Mr. Wauchope was a distinguished Magisterial and Judicial

officer; and for some time Governor-General's agent in Bundelkand. Mr. Trant served chiefly in the Financial department. On his return to England he was sent to Parliament by the electors of Dover. Mr. Forbes quitted the Civil Service very early, and went home in the same vessel with Lord Wellesley. And Mr. Bayley, after holding the highest offices under Government, and sitting as Governor-General of India on the departure of Lord Amherst, returned to England to enter the Court of Directors, was twice elected Chairman of that body, and is still one of its most distinguished members.

\* On the 13th of November. This battle was fought before Deeg by General Fraser and Colonel Monson. The siege did not take place till some weeks afterwards.

the army moved from Deeg, and on the following took up their position before the walls of the formidable Jaut fortress. Lake, who had under-estimated its strength, flung himself upon it with a precipitancy that could only result in failure. Four times the British troops were led to the attack, and four times they were repulsed. The enemy defended their works with remarkable vigor, and neglected no possible means of harassing their assailants and increasing the difficulties of the siege.

Nor were the enemies within the walls the only ones with whom we had then to contend. Holkar was reassembling the scattered remnants of his broken force, and Ameer Khan, a soldier of fortune, originally attached to the service of that chief, was at the head of a large body of marauding troops. This man, a Rohilla by birth, of a bold and enterprising character, and of abilities beyond the level of his countrymen, finding that little was to be gained by the alliance with Holkar and the Rajah of Bhurt-pore, and having little sympathy with men of an opposite creed, determined to operate on his own account, and to invite the followers of the Prophet to flock to his standard in the Doab and Rohilkund. He had been in the near neighbourhood of Bhurt-pore looking after our convoys, intent upon plunder; but now that he had formed more ambitious designs, he determined at once to cross the Jumna, to attack the Company's newly-acquired territories, and to excite the people to aid in our expulsion. Occupied as was Lake's army with the exhausting siege of





Bhurtpore, and unable to detach any large bodies of troops for service on the other side of the river, the danger of this threatened incursion was not to be lightly regarded. But what the British commander could do, he did—and he did it promptly. He despatched a brigade, consisting principally of light dragoons, under General Smith, in pursuit of Ameer Khan; and out rode the British horsemen, on a February morning, from Lake's camp, determined, in camp-language, to "give a good account" of the Rohilla.

With this force rode Charles Metcalfe, as Smith's political *aide*. It was his duty to conduct all the diplomatic business of the campaign. Of this the collection and the diffusion of accurate information relative to the movements of the enemy and of our detachments in different parts of the country was no insignificant part. He was at once the Secretary and Persian translator of General Smith, and the representative of the Governor-General in the districts which Smith's force was sent to defend. He said afterwards, that his position at this time was a pleasant one. It was a pleasant, because it was a responsible one. In his own department, at least, he was supreme; and his young ambition delighted in the thought of being thrown upon his own resources.

All the correspondence of the expedition not strictly relating to matters of military detail passed through his hands. Veteran officers, who had seen good service in the field before the young civilian

was born, addressed him respectfully, and sent him reports of their movements. Members of his own profession who had served under Cornwallis, recognised the importance of his position, and clearly discerning the merits of the man, were eager to maintain a frequent correspondence with him. Nor were the communications of which he was the organ confined to his own people, or to his own language. He wrote Persian letters to the chiefs, and issued proclamations to the inhabitants of the country through which he passed—not in his own name, but what was of more importance—in his own ideas and his own words. There was much in all this to satisfy the ambition—or, as he in his self-searching candor would have said—to gratify the vanity of the young diplomatist. He was fast becoming a personage of some political importance—taking, indeed, a place in history—and that, too, before he was of age. India, he began to think, was, after all, the place for eager aspirants of his talents and his temper. There was nothing like this in Lord Grenville's office.

Among his correspondents at this time was Mr. Archibald Seton, with whom he subsequently came to be more intimately associated. Mr. Seton was then our chief civil officer in Rohilkund—a man of unbounded zeal and indefatigable industry; and he at once put himself in communication with Metcalfe as the mouthpiece of Smith's force. The following letter, written from Bareilly, is of importance, as illustrating the political condition of Rohilkund and the views of Ameer Khan, thus making clear the purposes of the expedition, and the nature of the





service in which Metcalfe was now employed, and the description of business which he was called upon to transact :

MR. ARCE BALD SETON TO CHARLES METCALFE.

" Bareilly, February 22nd, 1805.

" MY DEAR SIR,—I am this instant honored with your favor of yesterday, communicating the very interesting outline of the plan which General Smith means, until reinforced by infantry, to adopt for the protection of Moradabad, Bareilly, and Peelebeet, from the attempts of the enemy. Accept, my dear sir, my best thanks for this communication, and for the very obliging manner in which it is made. . . .

" Although I know not that my official reply to your public despatch contained any information that could be found useful, I regret its not having reached camp, as it would at least have exhibited a proof how much I feel it my duty to exert myself to the utmost in endeavoring to meet the wishes of General Smith. It chiefly related to what I had learned respecting the views and objects of Ameer Khan in making this irruption, and to the encouragement and assistance which he was likely to receive. I shall briefly recapitulate its contents from memory. I did not give myself time to keep a copy.

" I observed, that I was in the possession of documents under the seal of Ameer Khan, which proved beyond a doubt that his views upon the present occasion are by no means limited to a desire of enriching himself by plunder, or causing us a temporary distress. He aims at the subversion of our dominion in Rohilkund, and the establishment in its room of that of the Rohillas, or Afghans. He has addressed letters to all the present Sirdars of that tribe, and to the representatives of such as are dead, calling upon them, as Rohillas and Mahomedans, to assist him in expelling the English and restoring the power of their own tribe. 'The Afghans,' he observes, in one of his letters, 'are dispersed, it is true—but they are all of one mind.' In a word, the present invasion has for its object the extermina-



tion of the English; and this object Ameer Khan expects to effect by exciting them to a general rise.

"As yet, I have reason to believe his endeavors to induce men of family, character, or property to join his standard have been unsuccessful. I fear, however, he will find many adherents among the needy, idle soldiers of fortune, with whom this province abounds.

"All the Rohillas of family with whom I have conversed on the subject, speak with the utmost contempt of Ameer Khan, and declare that they would rather die than give him the smallest encouragement. This sensation I have endeavored to feed and sharpen. I have tried to work upon their Pride, by reminding them that his father and grandfather were the servants of theirs; upon their Fears, by representing to them the oppressions they were likely to suffer from a ferocious upstart if he succeeded, and the utter ruin which must overwhelm his adherents if he failed; and upon their *Hopes*, by placing before their eyes the advantages which they would derive from a steady attachment to the British Government. . . .

"From what I have observed above of the views of Ameer Khan, it is evident that in a political point of view his incursion is of a much more serious and important nature than that of Jeswunt Rao Holkar, whose religious persuasion and want of local influence prevented him from being permanently dangerous.

"To check, therefore, the attempts of the present invader, before he establishes himself and unhinges the minds of the people, appears to me to be a most desirable object. But this cannot *now* be done without a large military force. I rejoice, therefore, that General Smith has taken measures for obtaining a reinforcement. It is, as you observe, impossible for cavalry to act in the part of the country where you now are, in consequence of the numerous water-courses; or, as they are there termed, *gools*. This circumstance renders infantry indispensable. The moment Bhurtpore falls, the Commander-in-Chief will probably be able to detach a force sufficient to effect the very interesting





object of expelling Ameer Khan. Should the latter be suffered to continue long in the country at this very critical season, when the promising crops which are to feed our treasury are beginning to ripen, the issue must be no less fatal to our finances than injurious to our political interests. I can hardly conceive an object more interesting in either point of view, than the effecting the expulsion of this truly dangerous invader. Were it a Mahratta invasion, this language would be too strong for the occasion. . . .

"And now, my dear sir, allow me to repeat my grateful sense of those very obliging parts of your letter which relate personally to myself, and to add a request that you will upon all occasions have the goodness to let me know, without reserve, in what I can have the happiness to contribute to your comfort or convenience.

"Believe me ever,

"Yours very faithfully,

"ARCHIBALD SETON."

When Mr. Seton said, in this letter, that the chief people of Rohilkund would not flock round the standard of Ameer Khan, he said what the event justified. But perhaps he somewhat over-rated the military power of that chieftain when he wrote that General Smith's cavalry would not be able to dislodge him without strong reinforcements of infantry from Lord Lake's camp. Smith crossed the Jumna, pushed across the Doab with uncommon rapidity, and soon appeared in Rohilkund. It was a harassing but an exciting service. Men took little account of distance or fatigue, and their horses seemed to be sustained by the spirit and impelled by the enthusiasm of their riders. The fine bracing climate of Upper India, and the noble



scenery which opened out before them as they neared the great mountain-range of the Himalayah, invigorated and refreshed our English officers, as they pursued the Rohilla freebooter across his own fair province, and tried to tempt him to a general action. Many long night marches across difficult tracts of country deprived the trooper of his accustomed rest; but he went on without a murmur. He was on the track of the enemy, who were plundering and devastating along their whole line of march; and as he passed the smoking remains of villages, and crossed the fields laid waste by Ameer Khan's reckless Pindarrees, he pricked on with renewed impulses of zeal, eager to stop their desolating career. At last the long-wished-for opportunity arrived. Smith found himself near Afzulghur, face to face with Ameer Khan's army. There was a short but sturdy conflict, with the anticipated result. The British cavalry did terrible execution among the Patan levies of the Rohilla chief, whilst our galloper guns played with terrible effect upon his Horse. Beaten at all points, there was nothing left for him but a precipitate flight. Making a forced march, he re-crossed the Ganges, and as he went, the wreck of his army melted away. He had nothing to look upon, as the result of his temerity, but a disastrous and ignominious failure.

Having effected the expulsion of Ameer Khan from Rohilkund and the Doab, General Smith returned with his detachment to head-quarters, and joined Lord Lake's army before Bhurtpore on the 23rd of March. Two days before this, the Rohilla





chief, abandoned by all his troops, save a small body of predatory horsemen, had re-crossed the Jumna, and arrived at Futtehpoore Sikree. His power of independent action was entirely gone, and he was willing to take service under some more fortunate and influential leader.

In the mean while, Holkar, with the characteristic elasticity of his tribe, had sufficiently recovered from his late reverses to muster a strong body of horse, and to threaten Lake's camp at Bhurtpoore. Upon this the English general, placing himself at the head of his cavalry, and taking with him a detachment of infantry, moved from his position to beat up the Mahratta quarters. But Holkar, prepared for flight, evaded the meditated attack, and retired to some distance from Bhurtpoore, where Lake, thinking that the enemy would be less on the alert the further he was removed from our camp, again endeavored to surprise him. The attempt was not wholly unsuccessful. Holkar, having gained information of our approach, had sent off his baggage, and was prepared to march on the following morning; when Lake, on the night of the 2nd of April, determined not to wait for the dawn, but guided by the enemy's watch-fires, moved at once on the Mahratta camp.

Aware of the advance of the British troops, and little desiring to meet them in fair fight, Holkar again attempted to escape; but our cavalry were close upon him, and the pursuit was a most effective one. Some brilliant charges made by the pursuers told with terrible effect on the flying Mahrattas,

who, utterly broken, and unable to rally, dispersed themselves in disordered masses about the country. After a rapid march of some fifty miles, Lake reappeared on his old ground, and prepared to commence anew operations against Bhurtpore, if the enemy were not inclined to make overtures of peace.

On these occasions Charles Metcalfe accompanied the Commander-in-Chief, and it was of them that he wrote in the following letter to his friend Sherer. The stirring life in camp, and the active business of the public service, had left him little time for private correspondence; and when at last he took up his pen to address some of his old associates at the Presidency, he could only write by snatches in the midst of the incessant interruption of the camp:

CHARLES METCALFE TO J. W. SHERER.

"Camp near Bhurtpore, April 6, 1805.

"MY DEAR SHERER,—Welcome back to Bengal; and accept the congratulations of your old friend Metcalfe upon your safe return. . . . You will not, I think, have been surprised to find me absent from Calcutta. You know me to possess a love of change, and a silly desire to deviate from the beaten track. I am much pleased with the determination which sent me again abroad, and have derived much satisfaction from the new scenes which have opened upon me. . . .

"Within the last few days we have twice surprised Hlkar's camp. Yesterday was the last time. [*Written on the 3rd.*] They thought themselves perhaps secure, as they were twelve or fourteen miles distant. We got upon them at daylight, and gave a close and galloping chase for many miles. We were mounted twelve hours, and went above forty mile. These *dours* must have a fine effect, and will sicken our enemy very much. I go on all these expeditions. Without their





Occasional occurrence, Camp would be dull. I do not know how soon I may return to Calcutta. I am anxious to see you again, and talk over our respective adventures.

“The arrival of your letter within the last few minutes gives me great joy [*April 6th*], but with that joy a great deal of shame and contrition is mixed. You expected—and you had a right to expect, and I should have been hurt if you had not expected—that I should have been one of the first to congratulate you on your return, and that ‘long ere I read yours you would receive a letter from me, greeting you on the occasion.’ The guilty wretch trembles before your judgment-seat; but I cannot suffer you to condemn me without an explanation. The fact then really is, that office work has left no leisure to write. When I say no leisure to write, I mean to write *to you* as I would wish to write, with my mind abstracted from all other things, and occupied solely with friendship. A hasty note I might have snatched a moment to pen; but I wished to converse with you at length. This letter was commenced on the 26th of last month, and has, as you will perceive, been several times interrupted. Even this page was commenced four hours back; and although I had determined to-day to set business at defiance, I could not prevent the invasion of visitors. When I consider the long period which must pass before this reaches you, I dread that I may suffer in your opinion in that time, and regret that I did not send all documents to the devil, and finish my letter to you before.

“I expect much from you when we meet; when that may be I am not sufficiently long-sighted to decide. If you recollect any particulars of my brother’s house, situation, habits, &c., you will give great pleasure in communicating them to one to whom the most trivial anecdotes will be interesting. I am rejoiced to find that Theophilus still continues to be satisfied with his situation; but rather surprised that his ambition is satisfied within the limits of the Factory of Canton.

“My situation with General Smith was a very pleasant one; here I am more subordinate. I confess to you that I should



## LIFE IN LAKE'S CAMP.

CSL

not be sorry (many of my objects being fulfilled) to return to Calcutta; and your arrival has added another inducement. From a former part of this letter you will perceive that I anticipated some remarks from you upon the *new Cabinet*. Those which you have made are such as I expected, and I perceive that the same ideas have passed through your mind which have been in mine upon that subject. You will readily imagine that the association of the new party did not diminish the weight of the motives which induced me to quit the Cabinet for the Field. The situation was deprived of its credit when it became so open. . . . My only views are, to return to office when I am satisfied that it will be right in me to quit the Army. I am not at all tired of it, but I think that I may be losing some advantages attending upon the Governor-General's office, which at a future period I may not regain. I should grieve if anything occurred which should fix me in this part of the world; I see no prospect of such an event, but should lament it exceedingly. A short time ought to decide what will be done with us. I do not admire a doubtful state of things. It is my intention, I hope that I may fulfil it, that you should frequently hear from

"Your sincere and affectionate friend,

"C. T. METCALFE."

A few days after this letter was written, a Treaty of Peace was concluded with the Rajah of Bhurt-pore, and on the 21st of April Lord Lake broke up his camp, and marched down to the Chumbul, where, having crossed the river, he formed a junction with the Bundlekund force under Colonel Martindale, and, with the object mainly of holding Scindiah in check, halted there during the greater part of the month of May. A subsidiary treaty having been concluded with the Rana of Gohud,





Lord Lake, warned by the painful obtrusiveness of the hot winds, made preparations for the march of his army to cantonments at Agra, Futtehpore, and Muttra; and re-crossed the Chumbul at the end of the month. On the 30th they were at Dholpore, and from this place Metcalfe wrote again to his friend Sherer :

CHARLES METCALFE TO J. W. SHERER.

"Camp, Dholpore, May 30, 1805.

"MY DEAR SHERER,— . . . I have lately had some most delightful letters from my father, which will, I am sure, heighten your opinion of him when I have an opportunity of showing them to you. I shall not fail to *storm* your *quarters*, and make a lodgment within your walls, or, to speak in a more *civil* way, I shall avail myself of your kind invitation, and pay my respects in Post-Office-street immediately on my arrival in Calcutta. In short, my friend, I heartily thank you, and hope speedily to be with you. Your advice, which will always be most acceptable, agrees, I rejoice to find, with my own resolves. You will have seen from my letter to Bayley, that on other grounds than those mentioned by you I had determined to go to Calcutta. I am still ignorant when I shall quit the army; I hope soon. I had intended to have loitered on the road, and, as I have always hitherto travelled up and down in haste, to have taken a leisurely view of all the stations on the river. What you say will hasten my voyage, for I would wish to see Lord Wellesley as much as I can before he goes.

"As far as my present thoughts go, I can sincerely tell you that I have not the wish to obtain any situation; for, to tell you the truth, India does not contain a situation, which would come within the bounds of my just claims, that would give me any pleasure. I understand the Presidency Secretaryships are reduced to a despicable degree by our very noble and approved



good masters. I will postpone a dish of politics until we meet. I shrink from them as from a serpent, for I have seen things in them which sicken me. I am amazed at the state of your finances, which are almost as bad as mine. Cole is not yet with us. The expectation of his arrival has been the only cause which has prevented an endeavor to get away from the army before this. This is short, but shall be followed soon.

“Your very sincere friend,

“C. T. METCALFE.”

It will be gathered from this letter that Charles Metcalfe had determined at this time to leave the army, and to return to Calcutta. It had been made known to him, by his correspondents at the Presidency, that Lord Wellesley was about to return to England, and he was eager, on many accounts, to see the statesman, to whom he owed so much, before his final departure. But soon after the despatch of this letter an incident occurred, which caused him, after much consideration, to forego the intention he had formed. He had gone on to Muttra, with one division of the army, for the purpose of spending a few days with his friend Arthur Cole; and there he met Colonel John Malcolm. What the result of the meeting was may best be told in Metcalfe's own words, as contained in the following most interesting letters :

CHARLES METCALFE TO J. W. SHERER.

“Camp, Muttra, June 10, 1805.

“MY DEAR SHERER,—A thousand thanks for yours of the 24th. I shall, in the first instance, waive any discussion of the important contents of that letter, and shall make you acquainted with the inconsistency of my own conduct. You have, doubt-





less, expected that my departure from the army has taken place before this time, and you will be surprised to learn that it is now most probable that I shall make another campaign, if a campaign is necessary, or assist in any political arrangements which may happen in this part of India. I shall proceed regularly to state the causes which have produced this change in my intentions.

“From my last letter you will have believed me to be decided in my plan of returning to Calcutta, and I never was more decided in my life. Colonel Malcolm and Cole joined us on the day when the army separated for their different destinations—to Agra, Futtehpore, and Muttra. I should, undoubtedly, have accompanied the Agra division at the nearest road to Calcutta, but the desire of having Cole’s society for a few days brought me on to Muttra. On the day after his arrival in camp, Colonel Malcolm, to my surprise (for I could scarcely call myself acquainted with him), entered in a full, friendly, and flattering manner into the question of my intention, which Cole had mentioned to him. With full confidence he laid open to me the various plans which were in contemplation, gave me admission to all his papers, and, by appearing to interest himself in my welfare, prepared me to listen to him with great attention. He expatiated on the great field of political employment now open in Hindostan, the necessity of many appointments and missions, the superiority, as he seems to think, of my claims, and the great risk, if not certain injury, of my quitting the scene of action. By holding out the offer of Distinction, he gained the important outwork of Desire, and the citadel of Resolve was in danger of falling. It did not immediately yield however, and notwithstanding all he said, I clung fondly to my rooted and long-indulged intention of returning to Calcutta, and of paying my last respects to Lord Wellesley. There was, however, sufficient in what Malcolm said to induce me to reflect seriously on the step I should take.

“I did not converse again with Malcolm for five days, and



in that period the subject was ever in my mind, and I never experienced such irresolution on any occasion in which I had the power of self-decision. Exclusive of the reasons suggested by Malcolm for my remaining, others occurred to me which he could not mention. I have long, as you know, looked upon the Political as my line of service ; and although I have seen what people call Native Courts, and have passed over many countries, I have had the misfortune of being under men whose talents, knowledge, and character, or rather want of these, I could not admire ; who gave no encouragement to my desire to learn, who on the contrary rather made me sick of my pursuit of knowledge. I have felt myself degraded by my situation, and instead of studying acquaintance with the natives, I have shrunk from notice as much as possible. My knowledge, therefore, is only that which I acquired in the Governor-General's office, and which, though highly useful, does not in itself qualify a man to be a Political Agent. The opportunity of acting under a man with Malcolm's talents and reputation, established knowledge, inquisitive genius, and communicative disposition, promises advantages of the most solid and certain nature, and of real importance. I could not, however, give up my desire to visit Calcutta, and my second conversation with Malcolm ended in our agreeing that I should run down to Calcutta and return quickly. On the same evening, however, he strongly advised me not to go, and the next day we had a long conversation which ended in my being very uncertain what to do. I think, however, clearly that I shall stay, but I never did anything with more reluctance. I long to see our glorious Wellesley before he quits us. Malcolm tells me that I cannot better show my gratitude to Lord Wellesley than by assisting in scenes in which he will always have great interest.

"Farewell ! I shall write to you to-morrow again, for I have much to say. Cole desires to be particularly remembered ; I believe that few respect you more than he does. Show this to





Bayley with my love, to account for my conduct. Remember me to Fagan, and Adam, and Trant.

“Your sincere friend,

“C. T. METCALFE.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“Camp, Muttra, June 11, 1805.

“MY DEAR SHERER,—I wrote to you yesterday and said that I would write again to-day—I forgot to tell you that one reason conspiring with the rest to induce me to remain is this—Mercer will go to Calcutta, and Malcolm, who will manage all political concerns at head-quarters, has expressed a wish that I should remain on his account, expecting to derive more assistance from me than I fear he will. This subject fills my mind, and it is with very great difficulty that I can reconcile myself to the overthrow of my plans—plans which I have so long ruminated over with anticipated delight. I rest my chief consolation on Malcolm’s character, and the useful knowledge that I shall obtain whilst with him. It is my intention to cultivate his intimacy zealously—his advances to me have been very flattering—I foresee one thing; he is a likely man to give my mind a turn towards literary pursuits, which have scarcely ever entered my imagination—nay, he already has; he himself is an enthusiast.

“I do not know what opinion to give upon Lord Cornwallis’s appointment; I cannot help thinking that he will not come out. If the supercession of Lord Wellesley is occasioned by an alarm existing in consequence of Monson’s retreat before Holkar, the conduct of the Directors and Ministers has been equally unjust and contemptible. It is unjust that confidence should be removed from a Governor-General whose whole conduct has been accompanied by the applause and confidence of his country, because a check is experienced for a time in one part of the immense empire under his charge. It is unjust to imagine that he is not equal to meet the approaching difficulty.



## LIFE IN LAKE'S CAMP.

CSL

It is contemptible to have been alarmed seriously at the retreat of a detachment of five battalions before all Holkar's force. I do not foresee any change of measures or system under Lord Cornwallis. I am convinced that any change will be unwise. To recede I think is ruin.

"This is not a new observation. Conciliatory measures are, I think, impossible; they have already been pursued too long. It is with regret that I have perceived the last six months of Lord Wellesley's administration marked by an indecision and weakness (caused, I imagine, by his dread of people at home) unworthy of the rest of his wise and dignified government. He has, however, been kept ignorant of the real state of things, and his *agents* have not done their duty. I do not believe it possible to persuade the Mahrattas *yet* that we have moderation. They know no such thing themselves, and why should they attribute that quality to us, if we hold the language of submission when they hold that of insolence? Shall we, Sherer, sue for peace, when a Mahratta, in violation of all treaty, insults our Government, and in every act and word hurls at us a thundering menace of war? Peace is, I think, impossible, unless we prepare most vigorously for war. We should breathe the spirit of an insulted and mighty power; I should not be surprised if the dread of our determined attack were sufficient to scatter all our enemies. When they are reduced and humble, when we have crushed their insolent pride, then I would display moderation. But I do not see the prospect of permanent tranquillity whilst our controlling influence is spread over every part of India. We had this in our power once, I think twice, but lost it for want of information in one quarter, and want of foresight in another.

"It would require a long discussion to explain my meaning. We may command all India in a few months more. We need never interfere in the internal government of any state, but we ought to regulate the external relations of all. I have made many bold assertions without much troubling you with arguments. You know my way. I shall respect the opinions of





the men the opposite to my own; what I have put down are, at present, decidedly *my* real ones. You know me too well to be surprised at the self-satisfied impudence with which I have settled this *trifling* subject.

"I want Hufeezooddeen here very much. I wish that you would send him up. He will require some handsome inducement to quit his situation in the College. I empower you to grant him anything between his college salary (60 rupees) and 100 rupees *per mensem*, and to grant him some allowance for his journey up to me, either in the way of a monthly travelling allowance, or present; I wish him to set off immediately. You know my prospects as well as I do, and can make known to him what will be his.

"There are appointments for natives in *our* line of 100 and 200 rupees *per mensem*. Of course if he follows my fortunes it will be incumbent on me to provide for him, and it is not improbable that he may, at some time not far distant, obtain a situation under Government, which will secure to him a handsome provision in the event of my death, &c.\* Let him come to Agra, and there wait upon Wemyss or Mr. Munro, where he will have introductions ready for him.

"I am, dear Sherer,

"Your affectionate and sincere friend,

"C. T. METCALFE."

#### THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Muttra, August 6, 1865.

"MY DEAR SHERER,—It is long since I received your friendly letter of the 28th of June. I shall be very glad of Hufeezooddeen, for I think that he is a respectable man. I am not certain that he is a man of business, and I am not anxious

\* Hufeezooddeen joined Metcalfe, and was for many years attached to him as head Moonshee. He followed his master to Delhi and Hyderabad, and

made a considerable fortune. Some allusions to him will be found in subsequent chapters of this Memoir.



that he should be, for I should like to form him for my own habits. I thank you truly for the trouble you have taken about his voyage to me. I shall, I think, increase his allowances when he arrives. Your letters are the only encouragements that I receive to pursue the life which I have laid down for myself. Your sentiments and expressions would make me proud of it ; Bayley, Hamilton, and Cole think it unhappy.

“ I am at a loss to know what is hereafter to become of me ; I sometimes long for quiet and a select few of my friends ; but if I were in the enjoyment of those things, I think it not improbable that I should long again for bustle and motion. I see that all Secretaries are swept from the face of the earth ; this, in all probability, will affect my prospects. One part of your letter particularly strikes me, and I am not prepared to give a serious opinion on the subject. You speak of our inability to maintain our supremacy when we have acquired it. It is a prodigious question. I do not know that I could acquiesce in your way of thinking. At present I have no idea that deserves the name of a thought. Inconsiderately speaking, I should say that we are better able to maintain our supremacy over the whole than we should have been, in a few years, to preserve a portion of our dominions. And I look upon the events which have accelerated the establishment of our government over almost all India as necessary and unavoidable consequences of the events which preceded them. I should be happy to see your sentiments on the whole subject. In 1803, there certainly were powers in India which were very formidable ; now I think undoubtedly there are none.

“ I cannot reflect without indignation upon the conduct which has been adopted to Lord Wellesley. It appears a surprising instance of determined malice or desperate ignorance when a patriot, who has rendered the services that Lord Wellesley has done to his country, is superseded in his government, and is exposed to the most active measures to disgrace him. Disgraced he cannot be, I think, and the darts which his enemies fling at him will return upon their own heads. Now,





if a proper spirit exists in the settlement, now is the moment for an address. Lord Wellesley's departure from this country should surely be accompanied with every possible mark of respect, gratitude, and attachment. I see no harm that is likely to arise from Lord Cornwallis's government. On the contrary, I look at it with confidence. His internal government will be excellent I have no doubt. I am anxious about his politics. The tame conduct which when he was here before would have been wise, might now be very otherwise. With regard to his appointment personally I am quite indifferent. No man could have come to India upon whom I have fewer claims, and from whom I expect less.

"I continue to like Malcolm much. As a person who is to be my immediate superior, I do not fancy a better. . . . I am more worked, and more incessantly and more variously worked, than I ever was. I literally have no time to myself. My private correspondence is entirely suspended, and my answer to you has been thus long delayed. I find it more than is pleasant, for I have no relief. A day of labour makes society in the evening delightful. There is no such thing here. The Commander-in-Chief's table is full of restraint, and never has society. So, to confess the truth, I am much bored. Some snug dinners with you, Bayley, Fagan, and one or two others, would be delightful. I wish you financiers would find some money for *us* soldiers. How we apples swim!

"Your affectionate friend,

"C. T. METCALFE.

"Kindest remembrances to Bayley, Fagan, Adam, Trant. Tell Plowden I will write to him soon to explain that I am toughly worked."

So the intended visit to Calcutta was abandoned, and Charles Metcalfe, now resolute not to sacrifice his fair prospects of advancement in the Political line of the public service, despatched a letter to